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POETRY

MARRIAGE SONG

By Patrick MacDonogh

Curlews cry imploringly
Out in the unmeasured dark.
Sleepy coops uneasily
Hear the hungry foxes bark.
But this night's less dangerous
Than the day which threatens us
With a light we know too well—
O, discover deep in me
Wells of peace accessible
To your sick humanity.

Brood no more on memory ;
Even our dearest newly-dead
Have forgotten us, and we
Soon enough shall share that bed.
We, though not gregarious,
Must devote our over-plus
Of eternity to them ;
So, unsummoned, let them lie
Till our life's last apophthegm
Names us of their company.

Greedily the living wait
 To prey upon our time and thought,
 And leave no room to correlate
 What we would with what we ought.
 Well-intentioned friends intrude
 On self-sufficing solitude
 With daily triviality.
 But this night we dedicate,
 In darkness and in privacy,
 To a truth beyond debate.

Free of the living and the dead
 Forget awhile our share of shame :
 For hearts that break, for blood that's shed
 The individual man's to blame—
 We know it in our helplessness
 And as we wake and rise and dress
 We reassume a guilty world.
 But to-night the Doom's unsaid,
 The wings of the Avenger furled ;
 Impassioned Peace protects this bed.

MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD

By Ewart Milne

It was the hour of wonder and surmise,
 It was the hour of innocence and wisdom,
 And you were there and I was there, the rounding moon was
 galleon,
 And we sailed our cockle coasting ships under calm and stormy
 skies,
 For we were two good sailormen who were out in all weathers—
 When you were six and I was six we knew a lot about deep waters.

The rain came down the rain came in it rained the livelong day,
The rain came down the rain came in it poured the whole night
through,

But you were six and I was six we knew just what to do—
We knew it as we knew the games that no one told us how to play—
And we built an Ark of tarry planks with cedar roof all watertight,
And led our farmyard kingdom in and shut the drowned world
out.

Gone is the hour of wonder and surmise,
Gone is the hour of innocence and wisdom,
But to-day it lifted clear of Time in the strains of a street
melodion—

Though you are changed and I am changed and the wonder's left
our eyes—

O You City Lights the player played and at the inveigling lift of
sound

The waters fell the Ark was safe and the world that was lost was
found.

ASSESSMENT'

By Leslie Daiken

Am I the once calf-lover, just grown weary
With conflict in the kitchen and with a surfeit
Of bread-winning where traps are laid?

I can see him now, heartbeats under the street-lamps,
His dreamy footsteps kicking the tumbled leaves
Of chestnut, aspen and field-maple, brought to
An adolescent fullstop outside her drawing-room
Window, in that melancholy Rathmines Square.

O but she was honey and hyacinth; and the rippling
Phrases of the Schumann that she played
Studiously at her piano, drifted into the aching
Twilight to set his mind a-tiptoe
In wild accompaniment.

In that warm-but-lonely cocoon of music
 Was his far-fetched fancy hatched. To find
 A Lilith-mother and by her to beget daughters
 Whose hearts might flower, with the passing summers,
 Into immortelles of sound . . .
 And so, it came to pass.

Are these my life's gratuities? This daughter
 Playing the *Für Elise* like a pledged troth?
 And she, the younger, faltering with sure fingers
 On the piano in the quiet living-room, to weave
 A childish triumph out of Mozart's *Turkish March*?

Time has come, with hat in hand,
 Bringing his golden pennies in his pouch.
 And golden now the maple-leaves of London,
 Although they flutter, drifting, to the gutters.
 Golden, golden gratuity. Heart, lie still!

WHITLEY STOKES (1830-1909)

By R. I. Best

*A Memorial Discourse delivered in the Graduates' Memorial Hall
on Trinity Monday, 21st of May, 1951.*

IN commemorating this Trinity Monday, Whitley Stokes, eminent alike as jurist and scholar, we commemorate the greatest philologist that this country has produced and at the same time, in passing, the gifted family of which he was so distinguished a member. His father, William Stokes, F.R.S. (1804-78), was Regius Professor of Physic in this College from 1843 to his death in 1878. According to Sir George Paget, he was 'the most distinguished physician at the time in Europe.' For he reformed chemical teaching and, by his published work and practice, the treatment of diseases of the chest and heart. In 1876 he was awarded the much esteemed Prussian Order pour le Mérite. His life has been written by his son, Sir William Stokes (1839-1910), the eminent surgeon, a graduate of this University, but never apparently on the academic staff. Their grandfather, Whitley Stokes (1763-1845), was also Regius Professor of Physic and a Senior Fellow of the College. He was an ardent co-operator of Wolfe Tone in the national movement of 1798, and Tone characterized him as 'the *very best* man I have ever known.' The father of this Whitley, the Rev. Gabriel Stokes (1756-1806), was also a Fellow of the College, as was his brother John Stokes (1745-81), Regius Professor of Greek. Lastly, one must not omit the name of Whitley Stokes's sister Margaret (1832-1900), so well known for her work on the old Irish crosses, her books on Irish saints abroad, and her beautiful reproductions in colour of the great pages of the Book of Kells. And this brings us to the subject of our memorial discourse.

Whitley Stokes was born in Dublin on February 28th, 1830. After being a few months at St. Columba's College, at 16 he entered Trinity in 1846, where he does not appear to have dis-

tinguished himself in any way. He graduated in 1851; so that this is the centenary of that event. On leaving College he became a student of the Inner Temple on October 9th, 1851, and was called to the English bar on November 17th, 1855. He practised in London as an equity draftsman and conveyancer, and in his professional capacity published two legal handbooks: (1) *A treatise on the liens of Attorneys, solicitors, and other legal practitioners*, 1860, and (2) *Precedents of Powers of Attorney*, 1861. From this on the external facts of his life are few: six years in London, nineteen in India, and the remainder of his life in England, with occasional visits to Dublin and the Continent. He was twice married (1) in 1865 to Mary, daughter of Col. Bazeley of the Bengal Artillery, by whom he had two sons and two daughters, and (2) in 1884 to Elizabeth, daughter of William Temple; she died in 1901. He died after a few days' illness on April 13th, 1909, at work up to the very end on the Introduction to his edition of the *Cath Catharda*, or 'The Civil War of the Romans.'

In his father's hospitable house in Merrion Square, Stokes from his boyhood, used to meet the leading Irish scholars, antiquaries, and men of letters of the day: Samuel Ferguson, George Petrie, Frederic Burton, James Henthorn Todd, Charles Graves, John O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, also well-known men of science and letters on a visit to Dublin, such as Thomas Carlyle. It was, therefore, but natural that in such an atmosphere his interest should be aroused in the language and literature of Ireland, particularly as his grandfather, Whitley Stokes, who died when Whitley was a boy of fifteen, was an ardent enthusiast for the language, and had brought out at his own expense Irish and English versions of the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts in 1799, and the Four Gospels and the Acts in 1806. But the person who exercised the greatest influence on his life was a young scholar of his own age, Rudolph Thomas Siegfried of Dessau, trained by Benfey at the University of Göttingen, and also at Tübingen, who had come to Dublin from Wales, where he had been studying Welsh. Siegfried was appointed Assistant Librarian in the College in 1855, Lecturer in Sanscrit the following year, and Professor in 1858, the first chair of Sanscrit in Ireland. No doubt it was from him, when a law student, flitting between Dublin and London, that Stokes received that training in Sanscrit and comparative philology which marked him off from all other native scholars.

During his student days in London and early residence there, from 1851 to 1858, we find him moving in the literary circle of the poet William Allingham, the Rossettis, the Brownings, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Frederic Burton, afterwards Director of the London National Gallery, the Carlyles, contributing to the 'Spectator', 'Fraser's Magazine', and the 'Dublin University Magazine', critical reviews, all unsigned, often including verse translations of his own, of Danish, Russian and Polish, Finnish, Servian, and Roumanian songs and ballads. It was not until 1857, after he had met Siegfried, that he made, in the 'Spectator,' his first contribution to Irish studies. It was an appreciative notice, unsigned, of Reeves's edition of Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, just out. It contained a new translation by him of St. Patrick's Hymn. O'Donovan, who had just been on the Aran Islands with Stokes, in a letter to Reeves (unpublished), disclosed the authorship as that of 'young Whitley Stokes,' who, he said, would like to go and see him for a day or two, but feared to be troublesome. At the same time O'Donovan foretells a brilliant future for him. This was immediately followed by papers on the Irish verb and declension, Welsh inscriptions, translated into German by another German philologist in Dublin, Carl Friedrich Lottner, for Kuhn's newly-founded 'Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung.' Stokes was now well under weigh as an Old-Irish scholar. In 1860 appeared his first edition of an Irish text, over his initials, in the Transactions of the London Philological Society. It was a simple affair, Irish glosses, without commentary. But in it, for the first time, the extension of abbreviations was indicated by italics. In the same year he published a different work: '*Irish Glosses. A mediæval Tract on Irish Declension. To which are added the Lorica of Gildas, and a selection of glosses from the Book of Armagh.*' It was the first time an Irish text was treated as a contribution to comparative Indo-European philology, and it at once brought Stokes into the first rank of Celtic scholars. The volume was published by the Irish Archaeological Society. The preface is dated from Caraig Breacc, Howth, August 16th, 1858, that is when Stokes was twenty-eight years old. To possible objectors that the Society should be spending its funds on a tract which merely illustrated the Irish language, Stokes rejoined: 'Let such persons try to understand that every contribution to a more accurate knowledge of this Irish language is ultimately a contri-

bution to Irish history. For this can never be written until trustworthy versions are produced of all the surviving chronicles, laws, romances, and poetry of ancient Celtic Ireland. Moreover, immediate results of high historical importance may be obtained by comparison of the words and forms of the Irish with those of the other Indo-European languages.' And he trusted that his commentary would be found to have done somewhat towards the attainment of these objects. This was his scholar's manifesto, as it were, and he at once began to put it into practice, and made the carrying out of it the main object of his life. For this work he was awarded the Cunningham Gold Medal in 1862 by the Royal Irish Academy, and the President, Charles Graves, himself a noted authority on ogham inscriptions, in making the award, instanced among the discoveries which Stokes had made, his establishment of the existence of a class of reduplicating roots. As Stokes could not himself be present to receive the medal, it was handed to his father, and the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, speaking to the President's address, said: 'It is most pleasant indeed to find the son of a father who had himself done so much to lighten suffering and prolong life, showing such bright promise. I am sure we shall hail with pleasure the promising career of such a son of such a sire.'

But Stokes had in the work in question acknowledged the great help he had received from Siegfried, 'to whose genius and guidance,' he said, 'are due all the novel truths brought forward in this Commentary.' And subsequently, after Siegfried's premature death in 1863, he restated his great indebtedness to his beloved teacher, detailing at length all the personal etymologies which he had allowed him to include in this Commentary, adding: 'There is scarcely an article which is not indebted to Siegfried for some addition or correction. In particular, almost all the comparisons of Welsh words, about 540 in number, are due to him. The acknowledgment of his help given there is no mere complimentary expression.' Siegfried had never published anything in his own name. Stokes, in reading over his *Nachlass* of over three thousand fragments, written in many characters and languages, only partially legible, and in great confusion, and selecting what he believed to be of permanent importance, and providing critical comments thereon, remarked: "He felt a fear not altogether groundless, that the self-confidence of some of the

members of the new school of philology would bring back their science into the contempt from which it was rescued by Bopp and his immediate followers. 'Take care,' he once wrote to me, 'that we are not acting like the older men, but without their excuse of ignorance—butchering words and forms, only with sharper knives.' "

The *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss, which appeared in 1853, when Stokes was twenty-three, ushered in a new era in Irish studies. It is not easy for us nowadays to realise the excitement of the older generation of scholars when Zeuss's great work suddenly appeared, and they learned with surprise that the oldest remains of Irish were not in Ireland but on the Continent, at Würzburg, Milan, Saint Gall. For many years Stokes's energies were spent in the endeavour to amplify and add to the material which Zeuss had first brought to light, a 'sudden and complete light, where we had made up our minds to sit for ever in darkness,' as Siegfried wrote anonymously. His enthusiasm for Zeuss never waned, and his punning application of the Orphic poet's verse is often quoted :

Ζεὺς ἀρχή, Ζεὺς μέσσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται.

and when many years later Zeuss's correspondence with Glück was discovered, Stokes wrote 'that is good news, we are all *Διοτρεφεῖς* and should do honour to our fosterer.' And elsewhere, quoting Hesiod, he refers to Zeuss's 'unfailing eye,' *πάντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ πάντα νοήσας*.

At one time Stokes contemplated, as did Siegfried, after Zeuss's premature death (for he survived his epoch publication only three years), a new edition, but abandoned it on learning that Hermann Ebel, afterwards to occupy Bopp's chair of comparative philology in Berlin, had already the work in hands. Stokes's admiration for Ebel was unbounded, and he was in correspondence with him from 1870 until Ebel's death in 1875, for he, too, was carried off suddenly, four years after the publication of this great second edition. For this Stokes kept supplying him with fresh material, and, in addition, sent him gifts of Irish publications, among them the *Facsimile* of the Book of Leinster, in 1871, 'as a mark of the admiration and gratitude which we Irish (*hibernus sum, non anglus*) all feel for you.' Ebel, on his part, recognized fully the value of Stokes's help, and in the Introduction to his monumental edition of Zeuss, detailed at length Stokes's many contributions to Celtic philology, paying him the following

tribute :—*Post ipsum conditorem ac parentem grammaticae celticae haud facile quisquam invenietur, qui melius meritus sit de omnibus hujus doctrinae quam Whitleius Stokes.* This Stokes acknowledged in a letter with characteristic modesty : ‘ In Vienna I bought the second fasciculus of your edition of the *Grammatica Celtica*, and cannot thank you sufficiently for the generous praise you bestow on me. Would that I deserved one half of it ! But I know very well that in philology I am a mere amateur, and that my proper function is to supply trained scholars like you with material on which they may work ; *selbst erfinden ist schön, u.s.w.*’ And Count Nigra, that great diplomat and Old-Irish scholar, wrote shortly afterwards : “ Stokes justifies more every day this praise of Ebel’s, by his editions of texts and observations on both branches of Celtic. His ‘ Irish Verb ’ (in Kuhn’s *Beiträge*, 1871) brought out several valuable forms unknown to Zeuss and Ebel, and they form an independent addition to the *Grammatica Celtica*.” Further, on the occasion of Stokes’s 70th birthday, eight eminent German scholars brought out a *Festschrift* in his honour, and his old friend Windisch said on their behalf, that Stokes was one of the first to master Zeuss with the fullest understanding, as he showed in his first great work, *Irish Glosses*, published forty years before ; and he quoted the above tribute of Ebel’s, adding that after the lapse of thirty years it was more than ever justified. Stokes was in at the birth of Celtic philology, and he lived to read the first volume of Pedersen’s *Vergleichende Grammatik der keltischen Sprachen* ; the second (1911) was inscribed to his memory.

But though his interest to us is wholly as a Celtic scholar, Stokes would not have us overlook the importance of his professional career as an Anglo-Indian jurist ; for he was a man of two crafts, *Macc Dá Cherdda*, as he once signed himself. So it is fitting here to say something of his achievement in so widely different a sphere. When in London, Stokes attended at the Inns of Court the private lectures of Sir Henry Maine, and a fellow-student, Sir Michael E. Grant Duff, relates that Maine’s attention was attracted by the many intelligent questions put to him by one of the students, and that this was Whitley Stokes, who had been pupil of Mr. (aft. Lord) Cairns, Arthur Cayley, and Thomas Chitty. Owing to Maine’s influence, Stokes, in 1862, gave up his practice in London and went out to India, where he became Maine’s right-hand man in the drafting of all his bills. At Madras he received his first appointment as

Registrar to the High Court and Acting Administrator General.¹ From that on his advancement was rapid, almost phenomenal. He became Assistant Secretary of the Legislative Department of the Government of India, and within a short time Secretary, an office carrying with it the Secretaryship of the Legislative Council, until then invariably held by a civil servant. In 1877 he became Law Member of the Council of the Governor-General in succession to Sir Arthur (aft. Lord) Hobhouse, and in 1879 he was appointed President of the Indian Law Commission. In India Stokes carried out a complete revision of both the civil and criminal procedure codes, thus bringing to further perfection the great work of eminent predecessors such as Macaulay and FitzJames Stephen. According to Sir Charles Lyall, his friend and colleague, 'he left his mark on the history of India by the measures in which great bodies of law have been codified and made accessible and intelligible, not only to the multitude of judges and magistrates who have to apply them, but to the people with whose life and business they are concerned ;' and Lord Reay, a former Viceroy of India, said of him that 'he probably contributed more to the statute book of India than any legal member before or since.' Stokes is said to have regarded his *Anglo-Indian Codes*, published after his return from India, in three volumes (1887-91), as the greatest undertaking of his life. This work comprises the principal codes and laws enacted during the preceding twenty-six years, with introductions to the various acts. Stokes expressed the hope that it would be useful to 'all who take an interest in the efforts of English statesmen to confer on India the blessings of a wise, clear and ascertainable law, and especially to those who are interested in what is still in London and New York, the burning question of codification.' Prior to this Stokes had edited as many as thirteen volumes of High Court Reports, Statutes, and various Acts between 1863 and 1876, also in 1865, a volume of translations of Hindu Law Books by other scholars, with notes and indices. Besides this, he drew up a scheme for the discovery, collection, cataloguing and preservation of Sanscrit manuscripts. Everything he did was on a grand scale.

But onerous and exacting as were his official duties, Stokes at no time during his nineteen years in India let a single one pass without making some important contribution to Celtic studies.

¹ "One of the very ablest scholars formed in Zeuss's school a born philologist, he now occupies, alas, a post under the Government of India," wrote Matthew Arnold in his *Celtic Literature*, 1867.

Some of these were separate publications, brought out at his own expense, in editions of 50 copies generally, for the few Continental scholars, 'enlightened to believe in and practise the comparative method,' for he was somewhat exclusive then, e.g. *Goidelica* (1861), containing notes on Old-Irish Glosses, and the Irish Hymns from the Liber Hymnorum: this in 1866, 'the first stone of the cairn which I hope to raise to the memory of my beloved friend and teacher Siegfried.' Then the *Vision of Adamnán*, in 1870, 'one of the strangest of those medieval visions which begin with that of the Irish saint Fursae and culminate in the Divina Commedia'; *Three Middle Irish Homilies* on the Lives of Patrick, Brigit, and Columcille, in 1877, dedicated to his friend Professor Windisch, 'from whom I have already learned much and hope to learn more.', *Cormac's Glossary* in O'Donovan's translation, '*in tris artéine for lige m'anamcharat Rudolf Tomás Siegfried.*' Several volumes of Old Breton Glosses and Breton Hours, Middle Cornish Poems on the 'Passion,' the 'Creation of the World,' *Life of St. Meriasek*; even a Middle English drama, the *Play of the Sacrament*, from a MS. in the College Library here. His net was cast far and wide.

Stokes left India for good in 1882. Shortly before, he had printed privately his edition of *Togail Troi* or the Destruction of Troy, from the Book of Leinster, seventy copies only. It was dedicated to Sophus Bugge, at whose behest he had undertaken it. It contained a pathetic colophon written in Old-Irish,¹ of which the following is a translation:—'This little work has just been completed in Simla, in the land of the five rivers, on the twenty-first day of the month of September in the year of the age of Christ 1881, by the eldest son of William Stokes, chief physician of Ireland in his time, of Baile Átha Cliath of Dublin. And my heart is heavy, for my wife who would have loved this little book is dead, and my dear little daughter Medb is ill, and many of my friends are dead, and few are my friends who are living; and it is sad Ireland is through the snares and deceptions and parricides, and the outrage which evil men are doing, both English and Irish.' From this time on he led the life of a private scholar, taking no part in public or academic life, devoting himself wholly to his favourite studies.

¹Atá indopair beccso iarnacríchnugud isimla itir nacóicabann anóenmad lá fichet domís septimbir inbliadain dáes crist mdccclxxxi lasinmac sinem uilliam stokes ardlega hérenn innaaimsirsom, óbaliu átha cliath duiblinne. ⁊ istromm mochride arismarb mobanchélese nochrafad inlebránsó. ⁊ isgalrach mingen báid beccsa .i. medb. ⁊ itili mocharait mairb acht itúati mocharait bíi. ⁊ istrúag hériu tri intleda ⁊ bréic ⁊ fingail ⁊ saraighthiu dognáat drochdóini etir saxanchu ⁊ hérennchu. . . . ,

In the short time at my disposal it will be impossible to make more than the briefest mention of Stokes's numerous publications, which cover almost every department of Celtic study. Shortly after his death I drew up a full bibliography of them, and the descriptive entries, some three hundred, run to upwards of forty pages of the *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*. He contributed to all the Celtic journals, to Kuhn's 'Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung' from the very start in 1858, and to every volume of the 'Revue Celtique' down to his death. His contributions to the weekly review the 'Academy,' which appeared under the title of 'Correspondence,' frequently extended to several columns, and would make a volume. They are a mine of information on Irish traditions and customs. His output exceeded that of every other Celtic scholar: ancient inscriptions, glosses, glossaries, law and medical tracts, sagas, adaptations of classical tales, voyages, saints' lives, martyrologies, hagiographical legends, and even modern Irish versions of Mandeville, Marco Polo, Giraldus Cambrensis, etc. One cannot take a step in early Irish literature without him, and his are still in many cases the sole editions available of many important texts, e.g. the *Calendars or Martyrologies of Oengus and Gorman*, both with full vocabularies and comprehensive Introductions on the language, metre, and contents, and in *Oengus*, all the scholia which 'throw light on medieval religious practices, superstitions, folklore, and legal antiquities.' Suffice it to mention his *Tripartite Life of Patrick*, with other documents relating to that saint; *Life of St. Moling*; the *Lives of the Saints from the Book of Lismore*; the *Amra Choluimb Chille*; the *Annals of Tigernach*; the *Voyages of Brendan*, Maelduin, the *Ui Corra*, Snedgus and Mac Riagla; *Saltair na Rann*; the prose *Dindshenchas*; the *Battle of Moytnra*; *Dá Derga's Hostel*; the *Acallamh na Senórach* or Colloquy of the Ancient Men, with its glossary of over 2,000 words; his *Metrical Glossaries*; *O'Davoren's Glossary*; his great etymological Dictionary, published in German as *Urkeltscher Sprachschatz*, by Adalbert Bezzenberger, in 1894 and finally in conjunction with John Strachan, the *Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus*, in which are collected all the Old-Irish glosses, scholia, prose and verse (1901-03.)¹

¹ His share in this monumental work, he communicated to Kuno Meyer, in a letter dated November 11th, 1907:—"As to the 'Thesaurus,' Strachan did the first draught of the Milan glosses, and I revised it in manuscript and in proof. So I did the first draught of the Würzburg Turin, and Saint Gall glosses, and Strachan revised it in manuscript and in proof. Strachan also wrote the first draught of the Description of MSS. in vol. I and vol. II, and I revised it in

Stokes was in no sense a propagandist, as was Kuno Meyer, his intimate friend, nor does he ever appear to have lectured on his favourite studies, for his voluminous papers communicated to the Philological Society could not have been read in the ordinary way. Nor did he ever give instruction. On one occasion he was much annoyed by the 'puff' on the cover of a learned German publication and wrote to Meyer, 'I am not a 'berühmter Gelehrter', and I never had a pupil (i. Schüler) in my life, except my sister Margaret, to whom I (unsuccessfully) tried to teach Latin grammar.' Stokes was a *Privat Gelehrter*, rare in Germany, where learning is professional, but then not uncommon in England as Windisch once remarked to me, speaking of Stokes, with admiration for the type, of whom he had known not a few high Indian officials, such as the Lyalls, Stokes's friends and his own, continuing throughout life the studies and interests of their youth, adding in large measure to learning and science.

In his editions his aim was to exhibit accurately the evidence of the manuscript, rather than furnish a critical text, maintaining that the time had not yet come for complete διορθώσεις: 'We must reap and thresh before we winnow.' Only in the second edition of his *Calendar of Oengus* did he depart from this practise, and not always successfully. His translations were strictly literal, but in noble literary English, far removed from that of Wardour Street.

It is curious that while he was himself something of a poet, as his verse translations show, he turned aside from genuine Irish poetry, leaving the beautiful nature poems to Kuno Meyer and others. And he frequently omitted whole poems from the tales he edited, e.g. the *Bórama*, characterising them as 'quite as worthless as the bulk of the metrical compositions in the Irish manuscripts.' Yet from this same tale he took a short prose passage relating how King Ailill was slain in the battle of Cuil Conairi and transmuted it into beautiful verse. It is worth quoting as an example of his fine literary taste and skill:—

I know who won the peace of God—
 King Ailill called the beardless man,
 Who fought beyond the Irish sea
 All day against a Connaught clan.

manuscript and in proof. There was little to add or alter. Same remark as to the verse and the notes thereto. I wrote the prefaces and made the indexes. I doubt if Strachan looked at the latter, for there are many misprints in them."

The host was broken, as he fled
He muttered to his charioteer,
'Look back : the slaughter, is it red ?
The slayers, are they drawing near ?'

The boy looks back. The west-wind blew
Dead clansmen's hair against his face.
He heard the war-shout of his foes,
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height
Like pine-trees down a flooded fall.
Like heaps of hay in spate, his clan
Swept on or sank—he saw it all.

And spake, 'The slaughter is full red,
But *we* may still be saved by flight.'
Then groaned the king, 'No sin of theirs
Falls on my people here to-night.

'No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,
for I was worst of evil kings,
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down
To death or shame all weaker things.'

'Draw rein, and turn the chariot round.
My face against the foemen bend.
When I am seen and slain, mayhap
The slaughter of my tribe will end.'

They drew, and turned. Down came the foe.
The king fell cloven on the sod.
The slaughter then was stayed, and so
King Ailill won the peace of God.

In poetry he had little liking for 'distilled thought in distilled words,' but rather 'natural thoughts in natural words,' if I may use Matthew Arnold's phrase : and he could not abide the 'mystical rant and unashamed incoherence,' as he put it, 'which characterise the work of some of the so-called Celtic revivalists.'

And of Yeats, the leading representative of this school, he once wrote : ' that minstrel's work I cannot enjoy. His verses seem to me as emasculated as Burne Jones' knights, whom I always long to kick.' He regarded Samuel Ferguson's *Conaire*, based on that fine tale, the ' Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel,' as ' the noblest poem ever written by an Irishman.' And he maintained that Ferguson had done more than anyone else to prove the existence of poetical material in the older Irish literature.

If Stokes was at times severe on the work of others and engaged in controversies that made friendship with his opponents impossible, and even cost him the friendship of years, as with Standish Hayes O'Grady, the friend of his youth, it was generally in the defence of one whom he thought was being unfairly attacked, as when Zimmer made his lengthy onslaught on his teacher Windisch's *Irische Texte*, ' so unfair,' wrote Stokes, ' discourteous and violent that it reminds one of the old times when rival scholars and theologians called each other *porcus quidam* or *putidissimus iste*.' But Stokes himself referred to another Irish scholar as a ' besotted charlatan,' and of another that he might say of himself, ' Tout ce que je sais, je sais mal, mais tout ce que j'ignore j'ignore parfaitement.'

When he had completed his critical review of Atkinson's Glossary to the Ancient Laws, a formidable indictment, and was gazing with evident satisfaction at the bulky manuscript, he said to his younger daughter standing by, ' What am I to do with this unexploded bomb ' and she exclaimed? ' Oh, father, if you had not been a philologist, you would have been an anarchist.' But he was equally critical of his own work, as the lengthy corrigenda and addenda to all his editions testify. Writing from Simla to the young Kuno Meyer in 1881, he said, ' I am much flattered that you have been reading my Irish publications, and I hope that you have been doing so very critically , for they are full of mistakes, I am sorry to say.' And in the preface to his second edition of the *Calendar of Oengus*, he pathetically observed, ' I am far from regarding the present edition as definitive. I know too well that I have not realised my ideal ; but, remembering the story told of Thorwalsden in his old age, I cannot say that I am, therefore, despondent.' The sculptor, it may be remembered, was found standing disconsolate before a finished statue, not because he hadn't realised his ideal, but the contrary, for his hand had for

the first time been able to accomplish all that his mind had planned.

Want of intimacy with modern Irish, especially its idiom, frequently led Stokes into error. Indeed he once wrote to Bergin, who had frequently set him right, that he deeply regretted his failure to profit by the opportunities he had in his youth to acquire the spoken language, when he was intimate with O'Curry, O'Donovan, and other native speakers. His father, in his *Life of George Petrie*, describes a visit they paid with him to the Aran Islands in 1857, O'Curry, O'Donovan, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and Sir Frederic Burton, the painter, being of the company. The latter did a drawing of O'Curry, taking down a song from a young island woman, with 'Captain' Ferguson at the tiller of a boat. Stokes years afterwards, wrote that those were, on the whole, the happiest ten days of his life. 'There were as many folk-songs and folk melodies as there were wild flowers.'

I never saw Stokes, to my great regret, though we exchanged letters. But, like his brothers, whom I recall, he was tall in stature, well over six feet. In later life 'rather portly, but straight as a whip, with broad shoulders, fine features, clear complexion, a laughing eye, and unfurrowed brow,' so he has been described. He was apparently somewhat sensitive as to his white hair and beard, for when a Continental scholar once referred to him in a letter which Stokes had read, he remarked, "But, oh, I wish he had not called me 'der Greis.' I always tell my children that I am a growing boy." And, in writing to Allingham, after his return from India, he said: 'You will find my hair white, but my nineteen years of exile under an Indian sun have not chilled my heart.'

His work received wide recognition, and many academic honours were awarded him, the chief being D. C. L. of Oxford, LL.D. of this University, and of Edinburgh, Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, Foreign Associate of the Institute of France, and he was among the first of the Fellows of the British Academy.

His valuable library of works on philology and folklore was presented to University College, London, by his daughters. In a large number of the volumes, Stokes had inserted elaborate notes, also communications from other scholars, often mounted with care.

It will be long before Stokes's editions of Irish literature are superseded, though they must ultimately be, as knowledge increases and new ones are called for. That is the fate of scholars generally. The Bentleys and Porsons become honoured names,

often mere *sigla* in an *apparatus criticus*. When that day, however, arrives for Whitley Stokes, this College will be able to say of him, in a verse from his own 'Lament for King Ivor,' as the warriors were heaping his cairn :

'We have thy name and fame for evermore'

CLOSE OF PLAY

REFLECTIONS ON SAMUEL BECKETT'S NEW WORK
FOR THE FRENCH THEATRE

By A. J. Leventhal

THE interior of Mr. Beckett's new play *Fin de Partie** is composed by high walls at the top of which are two small windows. The only furniture is an invalid-chair, a picture with its face to the wall and two dustbins. To these, later, are added a stool, used solely for climbing to the windows, a telescope, a boathook and a toy Pomeranian dog. The scene is set for an even more austere one than that employed in *Waiting for Godot*.

The opening remarks of the indeterminate Clov, who ministers to the wants of Hamm, occupant of the invalid-chair, may well describe the whole motif of the play :

Finì, c'est finì, ça va finir, ça va peut-être finir.

The characters, there are four in number, Hamm, his parents and Clov, appear to accept the decline of their world. Its fall is more than imminent. Still, at the end of the play it continues swaying on the razor edge of destruction, refusing, with a kind of cosmic indifference, to take the ultimate plunge. This is how we may interpret the following exchange between the blind, paralytic master and his companion bound in double servitude—victim to a reflex action of obedience as well as an innate inability to tear himself away from his quotidian changeless chores :

HAMM : I shall give you nothing more to eat.

* *Fin de partie*. By Samuel Beckett. Paris : Les Editions de Minuit. 1957

CLOV : So we'll die.

HAMM : I'll give you just enough to prevent you from dying.

CLOV : So we won't die.

Hamm asks Clov why he continues to remain with him. "Why do you keep me?" is the query-reply. "There is nobody else," answers Hamm. To which Clov adds, with all its undertones : "There is no other place".

CLOV : Pourquoi me gardes-tu ?

HAMM : Il n'y a personne d'autre.

CLOV : Il n'y a pas d'autre place.

The rhythmic stychomathia raises the unadorned statements to an *n*th power of significance. Their superficial simplicity suggests inevitable undertones with even more urgency than the sybilline matter-of-fact utterances of the characters of Beckett's Third Programme wireless play *All Must Fall*.

We are, we can so easily tell ourselves, in a *huis clos* not quite à la Sartre, for there is no point made about freedom to opt, no issues as to whether hell is a place where man is deprived of his freedom to act. But we are in a hell à la Beckett, in the same sort of nightmarish situation that pursued his characters in the Molloy, Malone trilogy. Creatures suffering from physical disabilities, cripples whose locomotion is either unbelievably difficult or non-existent, whose life is limited to involuntary as well as voluntary memory, or a frantic ratiocination as the impulse to live or not to live burns into thought in a wretched remnant of a brain.

There would seem to be no point in leaving this confine, for outside its walls there is another hell—a sphere where there is nothing or nearly nothing. Through one window Clov watches the motionless sea and through the other he trains his telescope on land where he observes zero, zero and zero.

Hamm may be blind and physically immobilised but he must make his daily tour round the room, pushed in his bath-chair by Clov. No armchair tourist this, dreaming of colourful unvisited countries. No Huysman's des Esseintes crying out that there is no point in moving when one can travel magnificently in a chair. Hamm must, like a peevish child, skim the walls, rap the bricks and hear their hollowness that echo, perhaps, the emptiness of the outside world. He must be placed plumb in the centre of the room and again, like a peevish child, will not be satisfied that he

is in fact in the centre, contrarily asserting that he has been placed either too much to the left or to the right. He refuses to allow Clov to bring a tape-measure for fear, no doubt, that something may be incontestably established. And it would be in character for Hamm to doubt even mathematical exactitude. Is not the centre of Ireland disputed between Birr and Athlone ?

This is not quite the same game that Estragon and Vladimir play in *Godot*. There is no question of filling up the hours, the hours will now fill themselves until there is no one to hear the ticks, until the ticks themselves fade away. The problem is not how to pass the time but to let time pass ; it is no problem. In the first play there was always Godot to come tomorrow but Beckett goes further here in his grim analysis of decay, as he went further from *Malone Meurt* to *L'Innommable*, paring away the flesh, coming nearer and nearer to the bone, to the thinking skull. There was room to see some sort of hope in *Godot* ; after all, the Spanish for waiting-room is *sala de espera*. The world-pain that emerges from the latter play is softened by passages of clowning, despite the fact that this makes the human plight more pitiful. In *Fin de Partie* there is no waiting, hence no hoping. Here there is no potential benefactor, though characters were never more in need of solace. Here are all the ingredients for despair.

Hamm has his parents living with him. He is no dutiful Aeneas prepared to carry his father Nagg on his back. Supine himself, he neither can nor wishes to do so. Instead, he houses him in a dustbin alongside his mother Nell, likewise closed down under a galvanised iron lid, human garbage separated one from the other and both from their son. Legless (they lost their limbs in an accident in some remote time), they reach out vainly to each other for an automatic kiss and are fed now and again by the indifferent Clov. Surely these are creatures that would seek comfort in faith. Nagg, however, has no use for, or belief in, a divinely organised universe. Out of his sand-strewn garbage-can he tells the old story of the tailor who has delayed his customer's trousers for many months and who, when told to compare his dilatoriness with God's industry in creating the world in six days, replies : " But look at the world and look at these TROUSERS ! "

Nevertheless, there is paternal pride in Nagg. Out of the mists he recalls how his son as a child cried for him in the night,

remembering what Hamm should himself have recalled as Tennyson did in *In Memoriam* :

Then was I as a child that cries
And crying knows his father near.

But Hamm now fretfully rules his little world, cursing, like Marlowe's Faustus, the parents that engendered him. But he must have them as audience when he recites his serial, a tale which appears to involve his servitor Clov, and bribes them to listen with the promise of a sugared almond.

Hamm is now the author, savouring his happy phrases, correcting his weak ones, with changing voice and tone in the passage from creator to self-critic. He stops short. He must have more characters. Where will he find them? "Let us pray!", he suggests. But Clov has found a rat in the kitchen and Nagg demands his sweet. However, the extermination of the rat and the promised comfit must wait. God must come first. Nagg begins the Lord's Prayer but Hamm commands that the prayer must be a silent one. They all close their eyes and assume the conventional attitude. But not for long. Each character, each of these pitiful cripples, turns the prayer into a malediction. "Le salaud!", says Hamm, "Il n'existe pas!" "Pas encore", says Clov enigmatically—a remark implying a non-committal hope. But Nagg does not get his sugared almond.

Just as Estragon is always on the point of leaving Vladimir, so Clov threatens Hamm with his departure and as with the two vagabonds the departure never eventuates. There is at least the desire for human contact. Man cannot live by head alone. There must be someone to command as there must be someone to obey or disobey. There must be an audience for one's memoirs. The first line of an early poem by Beckett begins :

It is better to abort than be barren.

In his play we are in a closed world of near-abortions, bleeding in the barrenness of their desolation. Rare glimmerings of hope filter through the cloud of memory of a remote past, only to be extinguished by an intractable acceptance of the present misery.

Hamm believes that Clov has left him. Nell is dead in her dustbin and Nagg is probably dying in his. He faces the end. It's a brave gesture. He becomes the author again. He will try a little poetry: "You called upon night to descend", he begins.

He likes this and goes on: "Empty moments, always empty, but they add up. The sum is there and the story told".

God has many faces. There are people who can see the all-forgiving, the all-understanding, the all-beneficent ones. There still remains, however, the Old Testament countenance which brings death to him that looks upon it. Beckett has not hesitated to plunge his characters into a physical misery that gives them strength to draw on their spiritual remnant. Haggard and terrible in their own aspect, they leave even their fear behind them as they are gradually denuded of the outward signs of humanity and move with an outward calm to meet their ultimate nothingness.

Fin de Partie cannot hope for the same success that attended *Waiting for Godot*. To look on God's face and die is an academic consideration which Bible readers take in their stride as they let their eyes move with mechanical reverence over verse and chapter. But an audience, faced with uttermost pain on the stage, is likely to wilt at the experience, though it may well be a catharsis for such who have hitherto refused in their euphoria to look beyond their optimistic noses. So far, Roger Blin, the brilliant producer of *Godot*, has not been able to find a theatre to put on this play. Two theatres had committed themselves and each withdrew its consent although rehearsals were well advanced. Commercial considerations are paramount in Paris just as they are in London and New York. It is to be hoped, however, that some subsidy will be forthcoming, as was the case with *Godot*. This more than justified itself and it may well be that there is still a public that believes that the age of experimentation is not over, that profundity, however painful, is still preferable to vapid reiterations of tried and tiring formulae.*

* It has just been announced that *Fin de partie* is to be produced at the Royal Court Theatre, London, on April 1st.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

A LEAP IN THE DARK. By Hugh Leonard. Abbey Theatre playing at the Queen's Theatre.

GLANMORE. By Conor Farrington, R.I.A.M. Theatre.

BLOOD WEDDING. By Federico Garcia Lorca. Dublin University Players.

SAY IT WITH FOLLIES. The Pike Theatre Club.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Longford Productions. Gate Theatre.

STEP-IN-THE-HOLLOW. By Donagh MacDonagh. Gaiety Theatre.

We always like to believe that the Abbey Theatre, in those early years of its inception, had as much to do with the awakening of national consciousness as any of the other factors that helped to create the desire for a physical force movement that would make a bid to overthrow the British occupation. It is more than likely that Yeats's *Kathleen Ni Houlihan* fired many a young man to leave all personal considerations aside to go to what seemed certain death in the 1916 insurrection. At any rate Yeats thought so himself. The simple symbolism of the plight of the traditional female personification of Ireland with her four green fields was direct enough to play poetically on the national sensitivity of those whose patriotism had no conscious direction but who were dimly aware of an urge to find some means of expressing their impatience with shoneenism and oily subservience to alien rule and alien outward forms.

A Leap in the Dark brings us again, only more directly, into the political field. Its production was timely, accidentally no doubt since the play was written some time ago, in that it coincides with the emergence of a physical force movement against the partition of the northern counties from the rest of the country. It raises the question of the ethics of such a movement and uses the arguments of its devotees—arguments that one has heard in hustings' rhetoric at street corners and to which the author opposes the pacifist approach. The latter gains not only ethical but also dramatic validity since the apostle of peace in the play went to his death because of his unswerving faith in the rectitude of his pacifism.

This play is a far cry from the poetic symbolism of *Kathleen Ni Houlihan*. It uses prose that is carried along by the polemical flow of its subject. Treated in part with a thriller technique and borrowing its opening flashback from a device used by Sartre in *Les Mains Sales*, it succeeds, in so far as the thrill can succeed, in peripherally tingling our nerve-endings. There is a sub-plot which involves a long undeclared engagement, plausibly typical of native indecision in affairs of matrimony, and a rather casually contrived proposal of marriage by the outwardly dilettante pacifist which matches ill his concealed strength of

purpose. Unless one is to see here the almost comic timidity of the male in affairs of the heart so dear to the sentimental narrator as opposed to his bravery in the field of battle.

There is an arbitrary coming and going on the stage which is excused by the drifting of guests from one room to another at a birthday party. It is technically a lame excuse. Still, this play, in its topicality, in its preoccupation with that which "comes near", as Bacon says, "to men's business and bosoms", has many virtues of which the greatest is its claim to be considered as an historical document of the present discontent.

Conor Farrington had whetted our appetite with his radio play on Don Juan. With memories of his skilful handling of prose that reached the ear with the music and concentration of poetry, we sat down to *Glanmore* full of expectation. In one sense we were not disappointed. The mastery of words was still there in all its rhythmic ebb and flow, tricked out with poetic imagery; but the speeches by the central character Paul Golden, especially at the opening of the play, were far too long. This in itself is, of course, no great mistake. There are many, many worthy precedents. But when the speeches are not in themselves dramatic and slow down the action, it becomes a crime.

There were moments in this play, which centres rather unoriginally about a big house in the Dublin Mountains, that showed that Conor Farrington had in him the stuff that might make a dramatist of some consequence. But all in all the play did not succeed in its objective.

Palpable hits were achieved in attacks on bigoted intolerance but why should a successful playwright be driven to poverty on this account? He is described as having a European reputation and so must have made his money outside Ireland and thus could scarcely suffer in his pocket because of native disapproval, however much his pride might be injured. A scene in which the founders of *Glanmore* step out of the past had in it material of which much more could have been made but the producer lacked inspiration, the ghosts being too substantial to be effective.

An industrialist as the saviour of the Golden family homestead made an ideal modern *deus ex machina*, but his lightning betrothal to the playwright's daughter stretches considerably the long arm of convenient coincidence. Senator Sloman, who manages to preserve his senatorial dignity with his changing opportunist views, is a finely drawn character and was well interpreted by Tom Nolan. Robert Somerset was unexpectedly peevish as Paul Golden whilst Ita Little as his wife brightened up the situation with a natural gaiety. Meryl Gourley behaved with the decorum of a *jeune première* and brought off the double *coup* of husband and ancestral mansion with more cuteness than we might have suspected.

The Dublin University Players gave an effective presentation of Lorca's *Blood Wedding* and showed their verse speaking ability in spite of being hampered by occasional jarring Americanisms in the translation. We had 'quit' for 'leave' and the impossible 'for you and I'. The bride brought an Andalusian vehemence and savagery to the part which, though enlivening, culminated in an impression of a sulky, spoilt adolescent. Leonardo acted with the sneering rudeness of a handsome Teddy boy and as a result the lovers appeared more as

psychopaths who had the misfortune to meet rather than predestined lovers genetically linked by blood. The bridegroom behaved with such modest charm that one was tempted to feel that he would be well rid of the bride.

The grouping of the crowds was, as usual with the Players, excellent and the lullaby scene to the accompaniment of the guitar quietly effective. Anne Cluysenaar, as the bridegroom's mother, rose magnificently to her part in the closing scenes after an early monotony of speech and too agile a gait for a woman of her years.

The latest edition of *The Follies* at the Pike Theatre, our only *boîte de nuit*, purveys a sparkling brand of champagne whose bubbles have no time to go flat, thanks to perfect timing and magnificent stage-management—a kaleidoscopic *tour de force* in this pocket-theatre. Twenty-five items touched lightly as well as satirically on such themes as the 'Rathmaines' accent delightfully guyed by Laurie Morton; the prim censored subtitles to a free-for-all realistic fish-wives 'passion' play in "Do You Follow Me?"; gentle gibes at the dramatic critic uncomplimentary on the strength of his complimentary ticket; culminating in a superb flamenco scene. Never was there more moaning at the bar than in this sketch when traditional Irish singing is parodied in Stygian gloom but this soon merges into a lighthearted transformation scene to send us happily on our ways. Milo O'Shea was irresistible in mime and mummery, though it seems invidious to single out members of a hardworking and talented cast. *Say it with Follies* was a triumph for producer, stage-manager and above all for Carolyn Swift whose talent in the writing of lyrics and dialogue is of a very high order.

Sheridan's *School for Scandal* at the Gate Theatre emerged as a freshly restored masterpiece, vivified by a *vernissage* that gave a brilliant hue to dress and scene. And, to forget the metaphor, it was unflagging in its pace. Particularly effective was the elongated head-dress exaggerating the already considerable height of Aiden Grennell as Sir Benjamin Backbite, mincing his foppishness with a feminine daintiness. Eve Watkinson was a brilliant and radiant Lady Sneerwell. Iris Lawler, arrayed with the porcelain delicacy of a Dresden shepherdess, made a vivacious Lady Teazle but her claws were a little more than kittenish making the ultimate reconciliation with her husband a little improbable. Maurice O'Brien's Joseph Surface was a perfect study of hypocrisy in black and white. A rewarding evening of colour allied with untarnishable wit, proving that vintage keeps its bouquet down the years. Lord Longford provided the colour in imaginative costumes and Maurice O'Brien was responsible for an excellent production.

Donagh MacDonagh's neo-Restoration play *Step-in-the-Hollow* had all the author's rollicking good humour, shrewd observation and caustic wit. He has a gift for painting the Rabelaisianism of a more robust age in language and overtones inoffensive to modern ears. The comedy is heightened by the poetry and pathos of the scene where the young and comely housemaid assails the frozen facade of the Civil Service in the person of the Government Inspector and herself catches fire from her Pygmalion-like evocation. The Inspector has come to a country town in order to see whether the local Justice is in fact dispensing the law in accordance with the Constitution. The comedy revolves round the concealment of the Justice's own misdemeanours and his blindness to everything except a pretty face. Hilton Edwards as the Justice preserved a comic calm in situations

that would have driven even the soberest of his profession to distraction. Particular credit must go to Una Collins for her delightful performance as the housemaid. The whole cast was efficient but mention must be made also of Pauline Delany's part as the slangily eloquent virago protecting the dubious honour of her daughter Teazie who was lisping and demurely played by Finola O'Shannon.

ART NOTES

PASTELS AND DRAWINGS BY JOHN KEATING, P.R.H.A. Ritchie Hendriks Gallery.
SELECTION OF PICTURES BY "SUNDAY PAINTERS". Presented by Leslie C. Brooks.
Little Theatre, BROWN THOMAS.

PAINTINGS AND MONOTYPES BY CAMILLE SOUTER. El Habano Restaurant.
OIL PAINTINGS BY "GRANNIE" BETHIA MAC ARA. Little Theatre, BROWN THOMAS.

FLOWER PAINTINGS. Ritchie Hendriks Gallery.

WATER-COLOURS BY W. G. SPENCER. Little Theatre, BROWN THOMAS.

The drawings and pastels of the President of the Academy, last December, showed all this artist's mordant strength—dropping at times into caricature. Mr. Keating has no illusions about his countrymen; he dips his pencil (so to speak) in acid. Such a picture as *Heiress*, with its study of various peasant types, has a flavour of cynical depravity unsurpassed even in the Montmartre of Toulouse-Lautrec. And if anyone asks why the artist should show us ugliness, and not "beauty", there are answers to it: I would be content to say that intensity of any kind is moving, and can evoke ideas of beauty. Some of Mr. Keating's conceptions are as brilliant and biting as epigrams or Swiftian pasquinades.

If the President had a more pictorial vision, we would have to rate him high as an artist; unfortunately, however, his defects are as obvious as his merits. His colours in pastel are only less harsh than in his oils (not shown on this occasion); but even his pencil-drawings are conventional in design, and often depend, for their full appreciation, on the titles. His scenes of the Western sea-board have a "Boyhood of Raleigh" romanticism—clashing with their witty satiric detail; and his human figures rely for their effect on the play of features rather than plasticity. Mr. Keating is a master of the instantaneous snap-shot, but his vision is a surface one. *Tough Guy* is a magazine cover rather than a psychological study, and one of the hands has been muddled. Good draughtsman though he is, he is apt to be careless about hands, and even—apart from the catching of an expression—with his heads; though the girls (as in *Drawing for "Peace"* and *Mors et Vita duello*) have a freshness and charm equal to the brutality of some of the men and old people.

It is a pity Mr. Keating should have followed the rather tasteless example of Sir Alfred Munnings in trying to "beat the moderns at their own game". *St. Francis preaching to Living Artists* reveals nothing except his own un-aptness for abstract idiom.

The "Sunday Painters", in their first exhibition this year, attain a much higher level than in any previous show; a fact for which we the press-critics, courteously invited by Mr. Brooks to assist in the selection, can by no means claim the whole credit. Actually a surprising amount of fresh and interesting work was submitted; many of the names were new ones, though one was glad to meet again with a few favourites, such as Ernest McDowell, M. Gildea-Evans and Muriel Gayson. Mr. McDowell had two quite excellent pictures, though neither of them altogether the equal of last year's *Dancers*. This artist has a very fluent and expressive line, and only needs to discover a personal genre. But Miss Gayson almost took away the prize among the oils with her sinister *Contemplation*. The witch-like figures in this picture are rendered with an admirable simplification and real subtlety of tone, like shadows thrown eerily on a wall.

Among work by newcomers, there was a slightly morbid delicacy and fine balance in Molly McIllree's *Waiting*—in which she has used railings, as Manet did in his *Railway*, at once to knit the design and to convey a mood. N. Pamela Figgis achieved dramatic expressiveness by her tone-masses in *The Letter*, and structure with planes of pure colour in *Landscape*—a picture only marred by the postery sky. Christopher Keating's quayside house in *The Crescent* had a fine sense of bulked desolation, though the splash of light on the pavement seemed unrelated either to the lamplit window or the moon; this would of course not matter if the arbitrariness were intentional, but one suspects carelessness. H. E. South's *In a Conservatory* was as dainty as a sampler, and there were some good passages of shadow in Dorothy Kent's *Magnolia Grandiflora*. Edward Mooney's *Still Life* and *Sailor's Return* had liveliness, and artful construction behind their apparent naivety: as witness, in the former, the diagonal of the frying-pan handle and balance of round and rectangular forms—in the latter, the triangle of the up-tilted street, enclosing the wheel of the dancing couple. And so on; but one wonders in the end whether this is the art of the easel-picture.

One cannot notice everything in this meritorious exhibition, but I remember with most pleasure the small water-colour *Cuckoo Time* by Dorothy Gilmore—two green thoughts in a green shade, almost perfectly realised. John Costello's *Head of Christ* and Emily Dawson's *Genetrix* were also fine studies, in gouache and pencil-drawing respectively; and in Leslie Brooks' water-colour *Scotsman's Bay*, he has brought off a happy essay in simplification.

All of our amateurs, one notices, fight shy of abstractionism—rightly perhaps, since every good abstract painter must commence with the study of the object. Yet abstract art has assuredly won the same right to exist as the more traditional representational painting; it also has its methods and its disciplines, and corresponds to the Bergsonian *élan* and flux of the modern spirit. The critics of a former generation who said that form was "only a language" were using an unfortunate metaphor; it should be clear that if form is a language, it is the dictionary not of man but of the Cosmos—a language which was before man, and which creates its own content. Form in fact cannot, as mere words can, be divorced from expression: you may dislike Picasso's classical decompositions (as many have disliked Caravaggio's spot-lighting), but he is not "talking Greek".

Camille Souter is an abstract painter whose work is richly expressive; she

produces her lively little inventions as naturally, with as little sense of strain, as a tree grows leaves. The note is never strident, and the "comment"—in cutting down to the essential root and character—is often both witty and poetic: as in the pictures entitled *Gelosia*, *Two Nuns*, and *Children Playing in Palmerston Park*. These works seem to catch the colour, the timbre, of a scene or incident to perfection. Miss Souter only needs a somewhat closer approach to problems of form to be an excellent painter; at present there is a danger of her resting content with her attractive fluency.

The exhibition of Mrs. MacAra, a Scottish lady who has returned to painting at ninety-three, after a gap of seventy years, was the most crowded picture-show we have been present at for some time. Frankly, the appeal of these paintings, as Dr. Johnson said of the woman-preacher, is "not that she does it well but that she does it at all". While one admires the energetic and obviously pleasant personality here at work, it must be said that these pictures hardly belong to art, and certainly not (like those of Grandma Moses) to primitive, naïve or "child" art; they are in the well-bred tradition of English, and still more Scottish, landscape-painting. Mrs. MacAra has a feminine "touch" (as the phrase is in piano-playing), some training in composition, and occasionally—as in her lurid pictures of nightfall—a certain real imaginative verve, making one wish that she had had a little time for painting during those seventy years.

To assemble a collection of flower-paintings, in our chill February, was an excellent idea—revealing variety even in so limited a field, or walled garden. Paintings of flowers, like poems about nightingales, must always be relative failures—just because they can scarcely be as good as their subjects. For that very reason, however, they demand restraint and careful workmanship to succeed at all, and they serve as reminders that painting is a craft before it can be an art. Patrick Hennessy is our one "master", in the old and perennial sense, even if he is a *Kleinmeister* like some of the Dutch: one who, we feel, would be appreciated by persons of sensibility in any age or country—a painter who thinks with his fingers, and who only fails when his head interferes. Nevertheless, his exquisite still life pieces have the slight tedium of perfect things—the tormenting sense that perfection in human terms can never be more than an imitation: a paradox that the artist is far too sensitive not to be aware of, and which gives his works their haunting suggestion of the canker in the bud. In his interiors, we cannot help feeling, there is always a corpse laid out somewhere.

Phoebe Donovan, if she is a less consummate craftsman, has a greater freshness. Her brushwork is more rough and vigorous; her flowers, one feels, are things that have *grown*, and some real air plays around them. She has, however, the defect of her spontaneity, and not all of her six paintings had the lyricism of *Pink Roses* or *Bronze and White Tulips*.

Lady Glenavy, a virtuoso-painter like Mr. Hennessy, is more deliberately a decorator than he; she comes near him as a painter of textures, but depends more on piquant and tasteful arrangement—in which she has created a charming fantasy-world of her own. In her pictures (to quote Gertrude Stein) "a rose is a rose", but it is no particular rose. Father Hanlon, who has not always avoided the merely pretty, has here two excellent paintings, in which the flowers are mere notes in very subtle orchestrations of colour. In these works, this artist shows

himself a true Irish Fauve-painter (to use a most un-apt description for serene and cheerful workers like Matisse and Dufy—or Hanlon).

John Ryan's *Flower Study* was for our taste too "set", though delicately painted; Mr. Ryan's formal arrangements are always ambitious, but seem never quite happy. Moyra Barry had her usual fine colour, not least in the painting of the black bowl; and Brigid Ganly some glass that was really glass. George Collie, whose reflexions in glass and metal are sometimes workmanlike, is unfortunately at his too common worst in the picture here shown.

It is perhaps regrettable that the Brown Thomas Gallery should display so much work that is not really of professional competence. Such are the recent exhibitions by Mr. W. G. Spencer and another (described in the catalogue as "the American painter of Irish scenery") whose name has slipped my mind. I have seen and praised one of Mr. Spencer's water-colours shown last year among the "Sunday Painters"; but my admiration wilted on seeing it amid forty others, all painted in the same brown and green washes with almost no drawing, "value", or quality of colour. To this, I am glad to note an exception, *Late Afternoon*, in which Mr. Spencer has really set himself tone-problems. But it will take more than this one swallow to make an artistic summer.

APHORISMS ON ABSTRACT ART

By Brian O'Doherty

Abstract art is art in which the forms and colours are related primarily only to themselves.

Aesthetic emotion is a complex conative process associated with the perception of harmonious relationships between such forms and colours.

These forms being mainly geometrical in origin have no obvious psychological aura.

The addition of psychological properties to forms adds to the aesthetic emotion associative and more basically somatic emotion.

The somatic emotions may predominate as in Realism or Expressionism. They are always destructive to formal quality.

Aesthetic emotion has a purifying effect on the somatic emotions.

The contemplation of representational art—a psychological document inventing its containing form through the pressure of its emotional content—thus produces a reintegration of the somatic emotions at the aesthetic level. This is a sublimative process, and is the reason why the contemplation of all good visual art eventually leads to repose.

The extreme in abstract art has diminished this psychological somatic element to a minimum.

The contemplation of such art in its purest forms thus starts with aesthetic emotion (non-somatic) and leads to aesthetic (abstracted) repose.

Between the two poles—pure art and art resulting from psychological pressures shaping their own containing forms—there are many descending levels. At a stage between one may have abstract forms which involve the somatic emotions. (*e.g.*, Sutherland ; much of Klee).

The extreme of abstract art is that which is functional purely within its own terms. The next level is that in which the forms are the equivalent of an internal subjective mental process or idea, and are a portrait of that idea or process.

The first is construction ; the second is the equation of mental dynamism. The approach to the second can be instinctive or analytical. The third level is that on which the qualities of externals are introduced. On the fourth level the external object is the starting point, and from it is abstracted the necessary pattern of form and colour. The last is a reversal process, eventually aspiring through different gradations to the first level.

The third level is that in which the forms are the equivalent of a quality of an external object. The difference between this type of art and representational art is the difference between the *actual* hardness/brightness/smoothness of an object and the *quality* of its hardness/brightness/smoothness, or between an object's weight and its weightiness.

The first (weight) is perception ; the second (weightiness) conception. The development of abstract art is the replacement of perceptual values by conceptual values. (Herbert Read).

The basic forms of abstract art have of necessity in the end, a basis in nature—in nature in macrocosm and microcosm, in astronomy and microphysics. They are mathematically involved in nature's laws.

Abstract art has been called the intuitive apprehension of such laws by an aesthetic sense and their externalisation in formal harmonies.

Such laws are completely non-humanist and remote. It is this complete non-humanism which renders them unfamiliar.

Once abstract art or constructivism becomes explicable and comprehensible on mathematical grounds and terms it ceases to be art and becomes mathematics. Abstract art is valid because it is the *intuitive* apprehension of mathematical harmonies which are beyond the ability of mathematics to elucidate.

A certain degree of psychological awareness is inseparable from the contemplation of pure art. This is inevitable as the viewer is a human animal—an animal instinctively relates the unfamiliar to its own experience.

To minimise this psychological component in contemplation, and to reach the limit of what is possible in abstract contemplation it is necessary for the observer to submit to the convention of abstraction.

By submitting to the convention of abstraction one avoids, when this is necessary, relating the forms to one's own experience, and allows the abstract painting to create its own objective reality within its own terms of reference. This involves the readjustment and control of a natural instinct.

It is obvious that this must be a slow process. Few are willing so to discipline themselves.

The ultimate in abstract form cannot exist. It will always have some degree of content. (psychological quality).

To return to content : On the third level of abstract creation it is possible to produce abstract forms which have intense psychological vibrations. This paradox is explained by contemplating a realistic study of, say, a cock, and then studying the plastic equivalent of the abstract quality of "cockishness."

The latter at first sight is abstract, but its contemplation reveals qualities which on reference back to reality, render that reality more intense.

The contemplation, study, and production of formal equivalents of abstract qualities is widely practised to-day. This may be said to be one of the more important formal results of the abstract movement.

An example : Sutherland's landscapes are not landscapes in the particular naturalistic sense. They are a summary of the abstract qualities of the particular landscape. Since many of these qualities are common to all landscapes, he achieves universality by means of a new synthesis.

Not the general from the particular as formerly in the sense that the more particular the more universal ; but the universal from a summary of the universal qualities of the particular.

Such synthesis has never been done successfully before. Hitherto all synthesis failed because it was psychological instead of qualitative synthesis.

Such a development is a true reflection of a non-humanist age ; it would not have been possible in the humanist epoch which ended with industrialism.

Abstraction towards a concept has been practised since art began. But it has been formal abstraction related to a community ideal. This is the first time in history that abstraction towards non-community-related concepts has been practised.

To-day abstract art represents an ideal (absolute) which for the first time in Europe since the Byzantine does not coincide with the community ideal (Malraux).

The schism between the artist's values and the community's values is due to the loss of a common set of ideals, *e.g.*, religion. There can be no style representative (in its former meaning) of the twentieth century.

The values and qualities which the modern abstractionist has expressed are not related to any community ideal but only to his art, to the quality of art in itself.

The intrinsic quality of art is a transcendent—a communion of the ephemeral with the more eternal. Thus the consistency in direction of the best modern abstract art, its vitality, its survival in the midst of hostility. It is self-sufficient.

Only time will tell if this self-sufficiency is delusive.

With a common ideal some degree of dictation from the community to the artist is possible and healthy.

To-day, any compromise by the artist to meet whatever community ideals exist involves a withdrawal from his own ideal. His isolation and dilemma stem from the fact that community ideals to-day are much inferior to that of art as an absolute.

VERSE CHRONICLE

By Padraic Fallon

POEMS by Thomas Kinsella. *The Dolmen Press.* 8s. 6d.

THE INHERITORS by Richard Church. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

THE BURNING TREE. *Selected and translated from the Welsh by Gwyn Williams. Faber.* 25s.

A MORTAL PITCH by Vernon Scannell. *Villiers Publications.* 7s. 6d.

COLLECTED POEMS by Conrad M. R. Bonacina. *Trouvere Press.* 7s. 6d.

THE ONE-EYED GUNNER by Robert Beloof. *Villiers Publications.* 10s.

A WINTER HARVEST. A Folio of New Poems from the North of Ireland,
Edited by Andrew Molloy Carson. The Emerald Press. 3s. 6d.

THE TRUE MISTERY OF THE NATIVITY by James Kirkup. *Oxford University Press.* 5s.

POETRY. A Magazine. *Chicago.* 50 cents.

Thomas Kinsella is on the way to establish himself as the best of the younger Irish poets, and in this new book from the enterprising Dolmen Press he sustains the promise of earlier work. I find, however, some slackening of the general tension overall, and specifically as in such poems as *DUSK MUSIC*, where a fairly usual background gives no poetic habitation. I quote—

In hospital, where windows meet
With sunlight in a pleasing feat
Of airy architecture,
My love has sweets and grapes to eat,
The air is like a laundered sheet,
The world's a varnished picture.

I could put a penny-plain hand on the faults here, for they are too apparent, but in other and better stanzas there is a voice that is not the writer's own—

For obvious reasons we ignore
The leaping season out-of-door,
Light lively as a ferret,
Woodland walks, a crocused shore,
The transcendental birds that soar
And tumble in high spirit.

The total effect, indeed, is pseudo Auden, and as in Auden the cerebral pull is towards the general, not the particular; which is quite all right for the elder professor who, at his best, is a gigantic systematiser, but for this poet, whose gift is a daring imagery of his own, I think it is altogether the wrong road. Auden can give to an auctioneer's catalogue the necessary metaphysical kick that turns it into a work of art; Mr. Kinsella is not dead-pan enough for such specifically English and discreet craftsmanship. In the poem called ULYSSES the gesture is rhetorical, but more suited to him—

To lie in the dark like a lover,
His wrist gripped and scalding,
His body strained as an arrow,
Rooted in need, dementing
His reason: Lo, she is there,
My dear target, standing!

The poetry of a life is always the most difficult, for it is the essential autobiography, and I feel that in most of those new poems, the poet is not in definite touch with himself. This makes the poems less interesting than they ought to be, but in an odd way enhances the poet's actual promise, since where the struggle is slow the material eventually proves the larger and the person bigger.

Mr. Richard Church's new volume is in the direct line of all the poetry gone before, gentle, reasonably taut, and simply put together. If I say that he writes solid and economical verse, I must not be taken as denigrating a polished artist who reserves for verse that trimming of those emotional ballast tanks that keep his world serenely afloat. I do, personally, find it humdrum where I find a man like Mr. Kinsella excites me, but I must admit that here is a real pictorial world as definite as a Dutch interior. And that has its advantages.

Perhaps, too, I require from my poetry a more stringent thought. Poems, such as a HISTORY LESSON, either should not have been written at all or should develop sounder arguments.

THE BURNING TREE, an anthology of Welsh poetry [in Welsh with English translation] covers the vast period of 1,000 years, so all the well-known names are to the fore. To range over this, even by introduction, in one volume is truly to keep the straight line, so I am not surprised that Gwyn Williams leaves, for the most part, the backgrounds of the poems unexposed. In the poem, THE WOODLAND MASS, of Dafydd Ap Gwilym, for instance, where the poet employs a Christian terminology, there is an obvious undercurrent of the elder religion which Mr. Williams is silent about in his note to the poem, and which is nothing less than a laudation of the older God, whose symbol is the ash-tree. The merryman, Dafydd, indeed, with all the light learning of the true poet of the time, wrote here a cloaked but pungent satire on Welsh church-going—

There was here, by the great God,
Nothing but gold in the altar's canopy.
I heard, in polished language,
A long and faultless chanting,
An unhesitant reading to the people
Of a gospel without mumbling;

The elevation, on the hill of ashtrees,
 Of the holy wafer from the good leaf.
 Then the slim eloquent nightingale
 from the corner of a grove nearby
 poetess of the valley, sings to the many
 the Sanctus bell in lively whistling.
 The sacrifice is raised
 up to the sky above the bush,
 devotion to God the Father,
 the chalice of ecstasy and love.
 The psalmody contents me;
 It was bred of a birch-grove in the sweet woods.

The birch, it may be recalled, is the first tree in the Dolmen-alphabet, and symbolises the beginning of life as it also is a symbol of the first month of the Dolmen-year.

There is a wholesomeness about this selection that makes our times seem thin, and it seems to me that we should return to the roots more than occasionally if the human thing in the poet is not to decay. Here, there is praise and laudation, satire, sin and love, and above all an appetite for round living. I think this book should be a part of every shelf.

A lovely Ironic, Vernon Scannell's verse has the expertise of the wisecrack and the scalding wisdom of the social soothsayer; one eye is lidded low and the other has such a brazen stare that all his mauls are won before the bell. This is the true K.O.

Those poems are attitudes rather than the verbal accoustic that goes out like radar and comes home with the picture. They are fixed mime, with limited but very specified objectives, and if nothing high and ranting of human glory seems possible to them, the medium has its human compensations. I admit I am taken by the scruff, and I admit I like it.

Poets are never really lovers;
 If they were they would not need
 To press between ambitious covers
 Records of the lover's deed,
 Or agonise to make the fervent
 Sigh or grunt more eloquent. . . .

Manhandling language is his job,
 A task not suitable for lovers
 Whose passion fattens on each sob:
 And yet he does not envy others,
 Unless the words turn dead as stone,
 Leaving him dungeoned and alone.

Wit that states a position, the economical hiss of the scalpel, words used to shape and carve, these are the tools of true satire. But occasionally, just as occasionally as master wills it, a curious purple escapes, escapes its passages and

utilitarian corridors, and I think this poet has bluffed himself into a way of thinking. He's not as thick as he drunk he is. The underwriting is on his wall.

A delightful book.

Authentic voices are rare in any place, and the North of Ireland is no worse off than anywhere else. This little collection certainly has two strong men, and one at least, in John Hewitt, who goes from strength to strength. Him we can be certain of, with his cult of the simple and his certainty of those overtones without which there is no poetry. *THE SPECTACLE OF TRUTH* is a fine poem, *THE MUNICIPAL GALLERY REVISITED* even better, since it makes out of prosaic material and a casual everyday approach a solid bit of vision that encompasses also the fabulous dimensions of true art.

O'Leary brooding in his long bronze beard
Out of the saga now, a king remote;
And the faun, Shaw, by Rodin's marble spared
the pitiful declension of his thought;
James Stephens, memory of a voice once heard
billowed on ether, solemnly afloat,
A small grimacing creature, urchin-lost,
too various to chill into a ghost.

George Russell then, my fellow-countryman,
a lad here as of seventy years ago;
you could not tell from this slight beardless one
that it was he who in the sunset glow
saw timeless spirits in their traffic run,
for there's no printed label left to show
what scale of man this stripling promised us;
the modelling hand, too, is anonymous.

Roy McFadden I always expect to hit the grandeurs. Here he is muted to the ironic and I think his *POSTSCRIPT TO ULSTER REGIONALISM* cannot escape being an anthology piece—the story of Samuel James Megarrity who 'graduated to the rank of junior clerk in the local bank'—

And there he stayed until he died,
Trustworthy, unremarkable,
Unpromoted, satisfied
To point the dainty decimal.
They say his funeral was as nice
As that of Mr. Allardice.

And then, years later, some one found
A faded ledger in a hole
And read with reckonings of the pound
Mild verses to a lady's soul
And passionate verses to her knee—
By Samuel James Megarrity.

And now a man I know has won
 A university degree
 For his short monograph upon
 The meaning of Megarrity.
 Whatever Samuel meant, be sure
 It wasn't Ulster Literature.

What of other contributors? Maurice Irvine doesn't give much away and has no truck with the spellbound thing. He writes as steadfastly as a good proseman. Andrew Molloy Carson is legendary lost and contains himself in a mild Tennysonian warble. *Cuchulainn*, a long poem, reads like a sustaining diet of milk and water. Edmund Gordon is finding a serviceable idiom of his own, and—thank God—has a right good kick in his hindlegs. Here he is speaking of CROAGHAN, a little mountain—

You take a step
 But a queerish Celtoid magic is on you, and the sun
 Suddenly beclouded rusts the roofs, and the wild deserted
 Fields above Bush are spattered with invisible footprints
 Larger than human, abominable like the marks on
 The desert cols of Everest five miles high.

So we can comfortably put a spot of brilliance on Mr. Gordon, who, unfortunately, happens to be born in Sheffield of Scottish and English extraction.

The craft of verse has so much changed in the last thirty years—or rather the attitudes have altered sufficiently to amend and discard vocabularies—that a book like the COLLECTED POEMS of Mr. Bonacina requires of a critic an entire turnabout of his usual approach. There is much delicate and haunting workmanship here, and a great deal of cunning craftsmanship, too—*vide*, the poem, THREE OLD WOMEN—and if it doesn't hit the present with the smack of the Neon sign, it can illuminate after the fashion of the gentler candlelight. One thing, it brings the person forth, and it can, too, be pleasantly wry, as in IMPROMPTU—

I often wish when I look in the glass
 I could see what others see,
 And watch my shadowy figure pass
 As a stranger destiny.

Should I view myself, then, with mirth, I wonder,
 Of horror, or fear, or ruth? —
 No matter. The visions I haply might ponder
 Were all just as far from the truth.

THE TRUE MISTERY OF THE NATIVITY is an adapted version from the French Mediæval Mystery cycle of Arnoul and Simon Greban. There is great simplification and additional carols, so the play should act as if there were a

church choir upstairs and a Minister of Religion in the background. Maybe I'm not the man to review this at all, considering, as I do, the mighty and metaphysical mountain that has burgeoned about and above this single mystery, and the Doctors of Law at their priest-like task of pure ablution—but definitely, my reactions are so neutral as to be unimportant. I don't think you can play down anything, however, on which a gigantic civilisation hangs, and one just can't go back into time to rescue a faith that depends on a couple of wooden figures such as this play produces. It is in the tradition, certainly, but time must add or subtract, and this play diminishes and smells worm-eaten like any other mediæval wood. If you can take that, here it is.

THE ONE-EYED GUNNER, Mr. Beloof's book, has a half-spun gaiety of detail, likeable at times and decently jaunty. The poems are occasional in their air, and the cryptic idiom runs to the obscure too often, but I find delightful flashes in many poems, and just as many dashes in the rest. Elliptic comment must come plain, or die in its own lack of juice, with Mr. Beloof it's hit or miss, and I discover I'm weary of wit that's half-wit—not half-witted—before I plug through to the end of the book. It seems to me that there is more life on the surface than there is below, a kind of static strongman life that never ceases from muscle-flexing to a mirror. But, maybe I'm wrong, and maybe Mr. Beloof is just getting into shape to prove himself.

Three volumes of POETRY Magazine complete my survey, all up to the high mark of this noble long-liver. Not an outstanding quarter for poetry, but I have seen worse.

BOOK REVIEWS

CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN PHILOSOPHY. By I. M. Bochenski. The University of California Press.

It would be a pity if the title of this truly excellent book caused it to be overlooked by the many who think they know nothing of philosophy and care less, since it is intended primarily for those who have no specialist training in the subject, and at the same time it makes it abundantly clear why they should care more. For the philosopher is a powerful force in history, a terrifying force, whose thought has the effect of dynamite. Millions who may never have heard of Hegel have nonetheless suffered the influence of his doctrine, for he was the forerunner of Fascism, National Socialism and Communism. All those who are interested in knowing the 'why' of things; and want to know in what direction we are going, have cause to be grateful for this book,—even though the author regarded the writing of it as a thankless task.—For if the philosopher of to day propounds the faith of tomorrow, it is to contemporary philosophy we must turn if we would look into the future. In this book we have unrolled before us, in a masterly summary, the whole field of modern philosophic thought; its nature and growth; the different schools which compose it, roughly grouped for convenience under (a) Philosophy of matter. (b) Philosophy of the Idea. (c) Philosophy of Life. (d) Philosophy of Essence. (e) Philosophy of Existence. (f) Philosophy of Being. (g) Mathematical Logic, together, with an estimate of their relative importance.

Reading it has all the excitement of picking a winner in a race, and the book is furnished with an admirable bibliography for the guidance of those who wish to back their fancy by further study of form. The only criticism that might be made of this otherwise excellent book is the failure to include a glossary explaining the more frighteningly erudite philosophical terms.

To summarize a book that is already a summary, would serve no useful purpose. Sufficient then to commend it to those who seek an answer to the problems that beset our crisis ridden situation to-day. The author has been fortunate in his translators and it is not surprising that this book has been a best seller in foreign editions.

C. L. McClenaghan.

THE ALL KNOWING GOD. By Raffaele Pettazzoni. translated by H. J. Rose. Methuen & Co.

This is a scholarly book, containing a diversity of knowledge of interest to the specialist in many fields, Orientalists, anthropologists and religious historians. For the ordinary reader too there is much of interest, calculated to widen his horizons and call to mind the lines, "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew", so encyclopaedic is the learning and research displayed in it. The subject matter of the book deals with researches into early Religion and Culture, with definite focus on the attribute of Divine omniscience, considered as an ideological complex and as a religious experience, on the two distinct but conjoined planes of phenomenology and religious history.

Dr. Pettazzoni establishes that Divine omniscience is not the prerogative of deity in general, but of a determinate category of divine beings, and it is founded upon a power of universal vision. Behind the one omniscient God of a monotheistic religion we glimpse the omniscient chief God of a polytheism, and behind that in turn there confronts us the all seeing Supreme Being of a primitive worship. The primitive notion of a Supreme Being is no abstract a priori idea, but rises in mens thoughts from the very conditions of human existence. It is chiefly to sky-gods, astral gods and gods somehow connected with the heavenly realms of light, to whom omniscience is ascribed. These gods also exercise punitive powers such as thunder, tempest, and so forth.

Dr. Pettazzoni examines part by part, and in the multiplicity of its formations and articulations, the prevalence of this belief in an all-seeing god among particular peoples in various countries. This he does in a roughly geographical series, —starting from South Central Africa, crossing the Near East and Europe to the main parts of Asia, ending at the extremity of South America. The book is well illustrated, and the translation is admirable.

C. L. McClenaghan.

PASSION AND SOCIETY. By Denis de Rougement. Faber & Faber.

That the present break down of marriage is an indication of western decadence, few would dispute. Many have unearthed a plurality of causes to account for it, and many have propounded panaceas. Mr. de Rougement is exceptional in his investigations, in that he deals with the significance of the break down, and traces, in history and literature, what has given rise to it. With a wealth of painstaking yet never dull proof, he shows us that the present general demoralisation is due to the coexistence of two moral systems; the one inherited from religious orthodoxy, but no longer sustained by a living faith; the other derived from a heresy implicit in the idea of love as expressed in the 12th century troubadour myth, which has come down to us in a form altogether profaned and distorted.

He sees our dilemma as the outcome of a conflict between middle class morals and passionate or Romantic love. Love in this sense is the flat negation of the marriage which it purports to support. Over many centuries there has been a confounding of two types of love, i.e. of Eros, or Romantic love, which conceals in itself the death-wish; and AGAPE or Christian love. In support of his thesis he brings us back to the rise of the myth in the 12th century and shows us the broad Eastern and Western background out of which the Tristan myth sprang, with fascinating sidelights on the influence of the Catharist heresy. This passionate love implies chastity and a ritual of vassalage. The physical pretext is there, but the love is mystical. It began in Europe as a reaction to Christianity, and to its doctrine of marriage, by people whose spirit was still pagan. It is love of Love, where each loves the other from the standpoint of self; it is an unconscious expression of the death-wish, (now so consciously voiced by modern Existentialism) and symptomatic of a sickness of Being. Worn and faded nowadays, it still persists in disturbing the married state, founded as marriage is on this myth of passionate love. The Tristan myth has today degenerated into a Tristan thirsting for one Iseult after another.

Courtly love, being by its very nature opposed to the propagation of the

species, was anathema to the Church, and the author indicates that the rise of Mariology was its defence against this form of passionate worship of a woman. Profane passion, however, continued to spread in a form more dubious and dangerous, for what had been repressed in the unconscious, i.e. the death instinct,—now became conscious.

Denis de Rougement comes to the conclusion that passion and marriage are irreconcilable, and the strife between them is a persistent danger to every one of our social safeguards.

Adultery, in the Tristan myth, took on the aspect of a splendid experience, more magnificent than morality, something mystically virtuous; degraded to-day into a disturbing and alluring entanglement.

Marriage, Love and Happiness are not synonymous. Passionate love is the germ that makes marriage ill, and to marry solely in obedience to its promptings is to ensure that at the first sign of conflict, adjustment is sought, not within the situation entered into for better or worse, but in a fresh experience.

Marriage has been made too easy, based as it is on false premises. It must be lasting or it is meaningless. In marriage everything depends on a decision and the strength with which we make it. Love of self must give place to love of one's neighbour. Fidelity is distinguished from passion by its refusal to submit to its own dream: It is an expression of the wish to be constructive of something that before was not,—but is now in process of being created. To prefer passion is to prefer death to life; it is man wishing to be his own God.

Why should one choose fidelity? By reason of the absurd, for the goal is not happiness. It is a choice of something in which passion is *contained*, not by morals, but by Agape, i.e. Christian love. It is a decision between partners of equal worth,—not a compound of dream and sex.

Denis de Rougement has laid bare the bones of our dilemma. How to translate his diagnosis into curative action is for others to work out. In this book he has given us much food for thought.

Charlotte McClenaghan.

THE LION AND THE HONEYCOMB. Essays in Solicitude and Critique. By R. P. Blackmur. Methuen. 25s.

The Lion and the Honeycomb is a notable collection of essays by the distinguished American critic, Mr. R. P. Blackmur. He deals first with the problems of the artist and writer in the world of to-day, and, having much in common with critics in England like Dr. Leavis, writes urgently about the menace to a cultured élite of the "new intellectual proletariat" and the "new illiteracy". Compared with Wyndham Lewis's *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, Mr. Blackmur's presentation of the situation is somewhat ponderous and repetitive; but he makes a strenuous effort to find a solution.

"The degree of true literacy required—and reversely the tolerable degree of the new illiteracy—is determined by the amount and intensity of the energy to be controlled, deflected, and joined with other energies in the hope of a true *modus vivendi*: a livable world . . . What is needed, from Cairo

and Ankara to Paris and New York, is an energy of mind equal to both the new physical energies and their natural concomitant the new illiteracy. Institutional education alone, like institutional religion in the Christian past, is not enough: though these may persuade what is necessary into being: the multiplication and heightening of individual intelligence. Some people call the mode of this intelligence in action criticism. It had better be called the charity of compassionate understanding. Its aim is no less than a *modus vivendi* for those who must live together; no more, in the end, than true empire: *della vera città almen la torre.*"

One may be inclined to doubt whether a world so frankly turning from the word to the picture will be moved to support more adequately its men of letters or to encourage educational plans not rigorously utilitarian; but those who care for the humanities will be encouraged by this valiant defence of them, and the determined exploration of ways to preserve aesthetic values and foster a liberal education.

The essays on Henry Adams, Herman Melville, T. E. Lawrence, Henry James, Irving Babbitt and T. S. Eliot demonstrate Mr. Blackmur's critical methods: the complete concentration on, and receptivity to, the work under consideration: He stands, so it appears, beside the author apprehending the design before him, noting its implications and nuances, discriminating, analysing, and with so richly stored a mind, that his judgment seems not alone the mature conclusion to his labours, but organically related to its subject.

In the last essay, "Between the Numen and the Moha: Notes toward a Theory of Literature", which examines morals in literature and the effect on them of behaviour, Mr. Blackmur observes: "That is what philosophy reminds criticisms of, its reflective and ordering power: the meaning of the tradition which had become its skill." He is not easy to read—close attention to James has had a marked effect on his style—but the reflective and ordering power and the reverence for fine tradition on every page of his work place it high in contemporary literary criticism.

L. H.

KAFKA'S CASTLE. By Ronald Gray. Cambridge University Press. 13s. 6d.

In one of his notebooks, Kafka wrote: "The difficulty I find in talking, which to other people would certainly appear incredible, springs from the fact that my thoughts, or rather the contents of my conscious mind, are quite nebulous, that I repose in them calmly and often happily enough when left to myself but that conversation with others demands a certain sharpening, solidifying, and lasting coherence. Things that aren't in me. No one would be content to sit with me in my cloud, and even if he were I can't project the cloud from my forehead to his; on the way from one human being to another it shreds into nothingness and vanishes." (Willa Muir's trans.)

His ambiguities, the gestures of his interior monologue, incite every reader to sign-post the shifting ground of his books and justify uneasy half-recognitions. The examination of a satirist exposing political evil; the elaborate digging for the theological or psycho-analytical foundations of a fantastic superstructure; the esoteric, the formidable or banal, the literary and sociological, expositions:

all these Mr. Ronald Gray puts on one side to observe Kafka, the literary artist, "exploring the possibilities of an image which presented itself to his imagination, in this case the image of a castle and of a man trying to reach it. . . . So this is the method adopted in the present study. It attempts to say what the castle means, not to the writer, but to the people in the novel ; to ask not what things stand for but what they do and how they function ; to remain on the surface of the novel and not to probe for what might lie beyond. The probing can wait. 'There is indeed the inexpressible. This *shows* itself ; it is the mystical'."

Mr. Gray ponders every episode and mood, the tones of every conversation, the silence and the echoes, till meaning emerges. For him, *The Castle* is "a novel about a man's entry into a state of grace".

"In this novel . . . a man is desperately searching for some external confirmation of his private judgment which will bring him certainty . . . So long as he demanded his rights he got his deserts. But there was nothing he could do about it ; he was not in a position to make any conscious choice and could only wait. So long as he imagined that his goal was in the castle or beyond, he waited against his will. The moment he gave up completely, a miracle transformed his reality. This . . . is what is meant here by the action of grace."

Whether one fully accepts Mr. Gray's interpretation, patient in its investigations, notable in its analysis, will probably depend on one's conception of spiritual quest and fulfilment, for the evidence he discovers in the *Castle*, in the quality of K's final indifference, in the other characters, of the action of grace is surely ambiguous and bleak. Even Kierkegaard is doubtful support for it can be argued that Kafka's interest in him was the recognition of an equal obsession with, and dread of, the father-figure.

The secret drama which is for the introvert his real, if forlorn, act of reconciliation with life is often incommunicable ; but Kafka's stage and his drama, perhaps because valid for every part of his experience, have archetypal form. Their mystery escapes the word ; yet Mr. Gray's modest, careful study does more than most of the previous interpretations to explain the effect on the reader of Kafka's writings.

L. H.

A PLEA FOR MAN. By Mario M. Rossi. Edinburgh University Press. 9s. 6d.

Between the years 1791 and 1823 the gossipy and erudite Isaac D'Israeli wrote his *Curiosities of Literature*, and, in this very popular work was an essay entitled 'Prediction'. The gist of the argument was that "every great event has been accompanied by a presage or prognostic." So, with "history repeating itself" events can be foreseen by use of a technique that is essentially *science*, etc., etc.

This tour de force of a scholar, pretty certainly written as a joke, may well have brought to birth the 'historicist' whom Dr. Rossi very properly condemns. A technique is not an art. The business of research, is largely governed by one of the chief factors in art—namely *selection*. (And this reviewer, having been on the editorial staff of a popular and widely-sold encyclopædia, has witnessed curious procedure in the process of "verifying one's authorities"—a matter of paramount importance).

Actually the old chronicler (*e.g.*, Tallemant des Reaux), with his plainly shown prejudices and naive exposure of idiosyncracies, is more likely to reveal truth than your 'scientist' who claims perfect impartiality, objectively and so forth. Readers soon know where they are with a Carlyle, but a Henry Buckle may readily be—consciously or unconsciously—deceptive.

Dr. Rossi's *Plea for Man* is timely, and of great importance in our epoch. This age of treason is nothing if not 'scientific,' and it is not truly scientific. It confuses measurement with evaluation. It destroys wealth (quantitatively and qualitatively) and its accumulated debt-tokens are called 'wealth.' We arrive at the point where war and peace are indistinguishable; leisure is called 'idleness' or 'unemployment,' and the servile populace are so tricked and debauched they actually 'demand' drudgery and, apparently, higher prices.' And with military war less frightening than 'unemployment' we must transform the conception of some of our 'hard facts' or perish.

Human behaviour is largely moulded by Man's desires in techniques of Wealth-Gaining—which our author very rightly identifies with the Good Life. But the 'scientific' historian, who accepts a disease called 'economics' as Wealth-Gaining, identifies trading with power-lust. And so is developed the need for "maintaining prices," and State taxation, the "favourable balance of trade" and the battle for exports. The teachers of 'economy' (with the 'political' now removed!) have grave responsibilities and a lot to answer for. As Acton wrote: "The strong man with the dagger is followed by the weaker man with the sponge. First, the criminal who slays; then the sophist who defends the slayer."

Orthodox economist and official historian between them have made a 'plea for man' of the utmost importance in this moment of history. As Chesterton said: "After all the philosophies the factory remains."

Bewildered men want peace and a decent home and full opportunities to develop what faculties for enjoying the Good Life they may possess. But they are betrayed by 'economic demands.' They call for bread and are given aspirin. They desire leisure and recreation but are 'sold' the speeding up of production, and T.V., all-in-wrestling, or rock and roll.

Nature is presented as a blind inimical force, not capable of her job: we cannot work *with* her, but we must 'conquer her' scientifically. Crude interpretations of Darwin are publicised to the occlusion of any reference to symbiotic relationships.

There follows poverty artificially created; and non-stop wars as Great Powers (a criminal phrase) sell arms to 'backward peoples'—who step forward briskly. And the rest is science. . . .

M. C.

AUBREY DE VERE. *Victorian Observer*. By S. M. Paraclita Reilly, C.S.J. Clonmore and Reynolds, Dublin. 18s.

Aubrey de Vere, that gentle, high-minded figure moving sedately towards Rome with doubts discarded like someone else's luggage, his conversation, criticism and verse exquisitely decorous, is the perfect subject for a nun's literary labours; and Sister Paraclita Reilly is perceptibly at ease.

She claims that her books is "not a biography, though its centre is always Aubrey de Vere; its purpose is to allow de Vere's life and work, but especially his relationships, to illuminate further the fascinating intellectual movements of his time." After a brief account, therefore, of his youth, the greater part of her story is devoted to the ardent disciple of Wordsworth, the intimate of Tennyson and Henry Taylor, the friend of Coventry Patmore, Sara Coleridge and Alice Meynell, of Newman and other churchmen. One also sees him warily attentive to Carlyle (his courage fortified by a delicate sense of spiritual superiority), given to shaking his head over the Brownings, grieved at Shelley's defects, pleasantly busy with literary advice and recommendations. He was indeed a charming Victorian, and the many quoted tributes are eloquent of affection and admiration; but, at least as he is portrayed here, his social conscience, his Irish political sympathies, his early enthusiasm for Irish literature, were finally fluffed out into a conventional piety.

His verse will always be read by the student of the Irish Renaissance; and his criticism, sensitive, eager, was for his eminent contemporaries finely articulate and profound. Sister Paraclita supports the view that all of de Vere's work reveals the aims of one "whose whole life was a happy blending of fidelities to his Church, his country and his muse, in an age which presented few examples of such conjunction", and she is as sad as de Vere himself that he was not more widely recognised.

Talking once to Alice Meynell, he said of the 'sensualist' school of poetry: "How *can* they bring evil into poetry? Why, if I were the most wicked of men I could not put my wickedness into verse . . . Poetry is Earthly Paradise". It sounded so beautiful a protest to them both for they found the path tranquil from sensibility to felicity; and it partly explains why such graceful, devout beings are now a little dim, and why much of their work lies neatly pressed in albums of minor verse.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ISAAC BABEL. Edited and Translated by Walter Morison. With an Introduction by Lionel Trilling. Methuen. 18s.

Isaac Babel, who died in a Soviet concentration camp, was the most remarkable of the Russian writers exploring the possibilities of realism in the period about 1920. Gorki was the first to encourage him; but it was only after he had fought in the Polish campaign with Budenny's cavalry army that his work made him famous. The present volume, excellently translated, and with a perceptive introduction by Mr. Lionel Trilling, includes *Red Cavalry*, *Tales of Odessa*, and sketches hitherto untranslated.

Cossack violence, the cruelty breathed as indifferently as the air, fascinated the frail Babel, and his stories pulsate with its destructive lust or acquiesce, though with full attention, in the inarticulate suffering of man and beast. The sickly child aloof from the ritual of his background, the intellectual aware of his incongruous role in the war, became the astonishing artist; and the swift, lyrical and deeply etched fragments of what was, in fact, one canvas were composed with irony and with sensuous appreciation of harsh, heroic existence, and with the clarity of the outsider. He could write too with pathos and humour of the Jewish community of his childhood, of the absurdities and guile and bewilderment

of people swept aside in the fervour of the Revolution ; and his art persuades the reader that what he portrays is present life, raw and groping.

"No iron can stab the heart with such force as a period put just at the right place", Babel remarked in one of his stories ; and that brilliant control of savage but always memorable material commands admiration.

THE ELIZABETHANS. By Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

Professor Allardyce Nicoll has selected passages, short and long, and illustrations to form an arresting pattern and "allow the Elizabethans to give an image of their times in their own words and in their own pictures". The Queen and her subjects, the law, the church, town and countryside, the home, schools and universities, foreign travel, science, physic, the arts and speculation, the army and navy : all these aspects of the age are so admirably linked, so ably introduced that text and portraits with equal skill reveal the splendour, vitality and variety of the period, and the curious detail.

Paul Hentzner minutely noting the Queen on her way to chapel followed by the ladies of her court ; Richard Grafton's astrological fervour ; the virtuoso display of silks and brocades, and the occasional rebel ("then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb-line ; then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us") ; the torment of prisoners ; the sumptuous array in London's goldsmiths' shops ; Dekker's account of the plague ; divers ways to kill fleas ; an extract from the wonderful inventory of Hardwick Hall ; elaborate recipes ; a letter, gravely tender, from Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip ; a woodcut of surgical instruments ; Elizabeth's exquisite virginal ; a list of "apparel for a common soldier in winter" : these are but a few of the contents ; and one turns the pages of this remarkable anthology aware of the scholarship and art with which Professor Nicoll has presented his theme, and underlined his comment : "We are in the presence here of extremes—a brilliance that scintillates the more radiantly because of surrounding shadows, an exuberance that intoxicates more intensely because of a prevailing melancholy".

DE VALERA AND THE MARCH OF A NATION. By Mary C. Bromage. Hutchinson. 25s.

THE INDIVISIBLE ISLAND. By Frank Gallagher. Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 21s.

THE STORY OF IRELAND. By Brian Inglis. Faber and Faber. 16s.

There are ten closely packed pages of bibliography at the end of *De Valera and the March of a Nation*. This shows what an immensity of study Mary C. Bromage made in order to write her book. She might well have been dismayed by the complexity of the events of the period covered, but wisely found unification for them by grouping them round the leading figure. She has arrived at a thorough understanding of the aims of Éamonn de Valera and of the problems that confronted him, and shows the intensity of thought and labour he brought to the realisation as far as possible of the aims, and to the solution of the problems. The book is written in an easy, dispassionate style, with occasional imaginative, lyrical descriptions of the settings of the events.

If Mary C. Bromage has succeeded in living herself into the period of which

she writes, Frank Gallagher lived through the most important part of his subject. He starts, however, with a brief review of the early history of Ireland to show the essential unity underlying much diversity. He continues in more detail the events leading up to the first idea of Partition. From that on, the main facts are given largely in quotations from speeches, letters, Parliamentary records and books about the period. Partition once established, the author gives the developments in the Six Counties, and a comparison of the two areas, with diagrams and statistics. It is tragic reading, and strange is the line of thought evoked by it. If the English Conservatives had not with such utter cynicism withheld Home Rule from Ireland, Ireland might now be a contented little spot in the British Empire, and the British Empire might still exist. If the Ulster Unionists had not been so belligerent, there might not have been a World War I. What, then, will result from the injustice that exists at present? Apart from the disturbances in the Six Counties, attacks are already being made on buildings belonging to the Protestant Churches in the Twenty-Six Counties. Towards what are we heading? It was surely time to call attention to the facts in this book and to their implications.

Brian Inglis set out to give an outline of Irish History for those entirely unacquainted with it. He is the onlooker, appraising. He admits himself that his not knowing Irish or its literature has limited his work to some extent. This is seen in his Introduction where we feel that his visitor to Ireland scarcely met any of the "mere Irish", and in his attempt to guess at the social order before 1600 A.D. If he had known more about the early literature and the contents of the Brehon Laws, he would probably have decided for a less hap-hazard society. Apart from this, the book shows his really deep understanding of history, his intelligence and his fair-mindedness. He treats of Nationalism, Land and People, Culture and Religion, and the modern trend of Irish life. His style is clear and he has succeeded in condensing without distorting.

These books have bibliographies, indexes and illustrations. All three authors make the common mistake of including "The" with the title of an Irish chieftain, for example, "The O'Neill" instead of "O'Neill".

If the reading of these books renews the ache of old sorrows, the facing of them should help towards their cure. Repression is a bad tonic, and good cures often are sharp to taste, and there is with the pain of so much suffering the glory of much achievement. The somewhat anaemic generation which has followed those stirring years would benefit by reading these books and learning to what they owe so much of what they have.

L. D.

SCOTHSCÉALTA. By Pádraic Ó Conaire. Selected and edited by Tomás de Bhaldraithe, together with a critical essay by Seosamh Mac Grianna. Sairséal agus Dill. 9s. 6d.

There are ten stories by Pádraic Ó Conaire in this book. It is a good selection from his more serious work, and timely, since these, his best stories, are not now easily available elsewhere, while lighter essays about nature and humorous stories are still on the market. Only one story in this collection shows Pádraic's characteristic sense of humour though it, too, is fundamentally serious. Having read these

stories some thirty or forty years ago, and having thought them good then, I find on re-reading them with a riper mind that I think them better, and that suggests that Pádraic could take his place among the classics.

Seosamh Mac Grianna in his essay shows the generous appreciation of one good artist for another. I do not agree with him that "Beirt Bhan Mhisniúil" is a very good story, though it is well written. If those two women were full of courage and intelligence, could they not have faced up to bad news? There is also a serious flaw in the working out of the ruse, but you must read the story and see if you can find the flaw.

MARGADH NA SAOIRE. By Máire Mhac an tSaoi. Sairséal agus Dill. 5s. and 7s. 6d.

Those who have read poems by Máire Mhac an tSaoi in periodicals will be glad to have them in more permanent form in this collection. In language and form of a simplicity which rather surprises us in so learned a writer, she seizes the changing moods of the seasons and of human emotions with alternating tenderness and love and pain, while her intellect seems to hold a watching brief breaking out occasionally with a satiric twist. Intellect, however, puts no brake on imagination, which this writer has in abundance.

In the second group of poems, Máire Mhac an tSaoi becomes more impersonal and interprets the emotions of others, drawing some of her subjects from our earlier literature. Here she gives play to greater depth of feeling. There are three translations—from English, from French and from Spanish.

L.D.

AN TIOLAR DUBH. By Críostóir Ó Floinn. Illustrated by Máirtín de Fuireastail. Sairséal agus Dill. 4/-.

Probably most people get their knowledge of history from historical fiction, and, indeed, history is a pill that needs its coat of sugar. This story gives an impression of life in Ireland after the Treaty of Limerick and the departure of the "Wild Geese". It is a breath-catching tale of underground activity, dangerous moments and hair-breadth escapes, written in crisp prose, and intended mainly for younger readers, but by no means uninteresting to older people.

L. D.

NICHOLAS RIDLEY. A Biography. By Jasper Godwin Ridley. Longmans. 25s.

Martyrology is so overlaid with indiscriminate piety that one welcomes a book which finds sufficient edification in the integrity of mind and spirit that resists the more subtle temptations. Mr. J. G. Ridley, a descendant of Nicholas Ridley's favourite sister, Elizabeth, has written a biography that perceptively and out of wide and exact knowledge of the period, presents the scholar, the bishop and the martyr.

The talented boy removed from the violent life of a still feudal Northumberland to Cambridge, the Sorbonne and Louvain, was soon to attract attention as a Greek scholar and orator. Ridley's university appointments meant more to him than recognition at Court for an academic life would have been his choice had circumstances permitted; but Cranmer was quick to see how finely his gifts were suited to the delicate course that lay between the unending hazards.

D

Controversy was never thereafter to leave Ridley alone, for it would seem that his enemies saw more clearly than he did himself his nearness to heresy, however defined. His restless, mature mind examined the arguments of the reformed faith, and finally accepted them, though even when he had gone beyond Cranmer, his firm sense of authority was at odds with the turbulence of the many fanatical Protestant sects—it was even responsible for that otherwise intolerably humiliating visit to Framlingham to seek Queen Mary's forgiveness.

He had moved reluctantly and with marked caution from orthodoxy, and his courage only emerges when one notes his tastes, his adroitness as a disputant, and his sensitivity to danger. The long journey engaging his mind rather than his emotions, the serenity that at last accepted defeat and a dreadful death, are treated with impartiality and a fine control of the considerable material; and so completely is this able portrait related to its background that the book is also a masterly study of sixteenth-century England.

SENSISM. *The Philosophy of the West*. In 2 vols. By Charles Smith. The Truth Seekers Company. New York.

We have here a work in two volumes, which gives us the philosophy of one Charles Smith, who, we are told grew up in the Indian Territory. There is a lengthy preface entitled, "An anti-Communist Manifesto", which is not as manifest as the title would lead one to expect. On Page one of the work proper he tells us that after 27 years of research, he concludes that since everything in the soul and mind came in some form through the senses, the object of awareness is always without; a feeling and the felt are distinct and spatially separate, and feelings themselves are unfeeleable.

In the following 1576 pages he expounds the truths uncovered by this sensist philosophy. The reviewer made not one, but many attempts to follow the categorical leaps by which he reached his conclusions. Yet, despite a common tongue, the barrier of language constantly obstructed the communication of ideas between writer and reader, which frequent reference to an extensive glossary did nothing to break down. One was left feeling as might a French student of English, who had unwittingly picked up a book by Gertrude Stein.

That is not to say there may not be much of value in the book. Here is virgin ground for the earnest seeker after an American Ph.D.

He may well find nuggets of pure gold, if he digs deep enough and long enough. The reviewer was not equal to the task.

C. L. M.

THE GOLDEN RING. *The Anglo-Florentines, 1847-1862*. By Giuliana Artom Treves. Translated by Sylvia Sprigge. Longmans. 21s.

Signora Treves has had the agreeable idea of collecting in this book much of what has delighted her, in the course of her association with the Tuscan Society for Risorgimento Studies, in the voluminous Anglo-Florentine records of a hundred years ago. The material—diaries, letters and literary works—examined in the British Institute in Florence, the Viesseux Library, and elsewhere, has been admirably arranged; and here, against the Tuscan landscape and in a tolerant society slow to respond to revolutionary fervour, are seen the famous, the eccentric and the expansive enjoying in the main a cheap and charming

life—exiles, as the American Hillard noted, “from England, that country which is loved by its people with such pugnacious patriotism, while they are always running away from its taxes, its dull climate, its sea-coal fires, and the grim exclusiveness of its society.”

A Byron or the ‘Blessington Circus’ might so travel as to cause mild comment. “How strange these English are! One would suppose, that instead of a single family, a regiment at least, were about to move!” But others arrived more modestly, though fully prepared to increase the amount of travel literature and to take their sightseeing in huge doses.

Walter Savage Landor mellow or in furious conflict with the authorities; Seymour Kirkup like a tattered sorcerer; Ruskin enchanted by Florentine treasures and detesting their indifferent custodians; the Brownings reserved in society but passionately devoted to their adopted country; Charles Lever and his family appearing in Tyrolese costume on piebald ponies and with a huge tawny mastiff; Thackeray, Dickens, the Trollopes: a wonderful group of the *Inglesi* who confounded, fascinated or won the affections of their hosts animates these pages. Entertaining as *The Golden Ring* is, however, Signora Treves does not omit to show how the debt was repaid, and she concludes with a graceful tribute:

“Yet among all its visitors none lives in our hearts and in our memory in quite the same way as the Anglo-Florentines of the Risorgimento. With their sympathy for the efforts and ideals of our people, they forged the golden ring, linking their England to our Italy.”

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. By Glorney Bolton. The Stratford Library. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

The Stratford Library series of biographies is designed, not for specialists, “but for intelligent adults who have a keen curiosity about the lives and accomplishments of notable people”; and Mr. Glorney Bolton’s book on Sir Christopher Wren is an admirable example.

He writes of Wren’s childhood in Windsor where he played with the young Prince Charles, and “was one of the very few English boys in his century to live intimately with the grandeur of Renaissance painting”; and of the days at Oxford when the brilliant young man discovered in himself no liking for politics or theology, no enthusiasm for medieval buildings. Already he was anti-traditionalist and “resolved to take nothing on trust”; and, ardently as he studied many subjects, nothing delighted him more than engravings and drawings of buildings in Rome.

“They appealed to him strongly because the cast of his mind was Roman; to write Latin was still easier than to write English. As he strode up Ludgate Hill and admired the portico, he envisaged an entire cathedral designed in a Roman manner.

“Through the telescope and the magnifying-glass he had unconsciously prepared the way for his career as a builder. He possessed the visual, tactile sense; he had to see and to touch. Awareness of space and distance—the perpetual allurements of astronomy—helped to make his eye exceedingly capacious, so that it took in all vistas, all modulations of colour in brick or stone, all play of sunlight and shadow, all changes of a sky-line. It sought harmony, repose, a classical symmetry.”

The book stretches in time from Renaissance Florence to the present day, the better to consider Wren's achievements; and in non-technical terms the development and range of his genius are traced to the serene close of a long life. Mr. Bolton never forgets the intentions—and limitations—of an introductory study, but he has with notable success conveyed much of Wren's greatness.

THE NEWSMEN OF QUEEN ANNE. By William B. Ewald, Jr. Blackwell. 22s. 6d.

The purpose of Mr. Ewald's book is to enable "the general reader to see the Age of Queen Anne as it is reflected in the words of its own newsmen, most of which have never before been reprinted." Journalism, as he reminds us, was in its youth; but the public interest in the periodical writing of literary men like Defoe, Addison, Steele and Swift was all the encouragement that minor pens needed. If there were some to censure "the general thirst after News", the newspapers themselves, having discovered this insatiable curiosity, were happily aware that their mission and their self-interest had much in common, and feared nothing but the libel action.

For the student of eighteenth-century life there are many valuable notes; but Mr. Ewald's selection is intended also to divert us with the lively, varied and sometimes indecorous items published between 1702 and 1714. They are arranged to give a balanced survey of what then interested the man in the street, and almost every topic welcomed by the popular press of to-day is represented here: royal occasions, spectacular foreign events, religious prejudices, prophecy, crime, entertainments, panaceas, the frivolous—to say nothing of the frankness of the advertisements. There are even those tantalising, queer glimpses of private lives now to be found in the agony column.

"A Melancholy Person went away from her lodging on Friday morning, in a sad coloured stuff Gown and Petticoat . . . Whoever brings her to Mr. Ramphaw an Undertaker in Cloak-lane near Dowgate, shall be well rewarded, and Charges paid."

The research and discriminating enthusiasm given to this survey, and the colourful picture of the period make a fascinating work.

A SURGEON IN PARIS. By Dr. Charles F. Bove. London: Museum Press. 16s. 6d. net.

Dr. Bove, who is the son of an American cabinet maker, ran away from home and became an assistant in Barnum and Baily's circus at the age of 12. When he was 14, he witnessed his first surgical operation and from that time he made up his mind he would be a surgeon. His struggles were hard in order to achieve his ambition, but they were more than justified by the splendid work he did in the American Hospital in Paris. We are well acquainted with this hospital and it has few peers. Bove is one of the few Americans who served in both great wars in Paris.

His descriptions of surgical work for the Forces when equipment was at its lowest ebb, when he had to rely on untrained anaesthetists and assistants, read like a scene from a Grand Guignol play, but he worried through. This is by no means a medical treatise; it reveals the life of Paris especially just before the second great war. When he got away from Paris when it "lay prostrate under

the Nazis," he reached Biarritz, having surmounted appalling obstacles, and there he operated for upwards of 24 hours without sleep; this chapter, however, should be avoided by those who would avoid reading rather nauseating descriptions of wounds and operations.

Apart from his work he met and describes his meeting with many famous people; we shall mention but a few. "During my first year at medical school I rented a room from a family named Warfield. I was particularly fascinated by the young girl who helped her mother serve the meals I took with the family. Many years afterwards I met the girl again. By then she was married to a king who had renounced his throne; she was the former Wallis Warfield Simpson, now the Duchess of Windsor." He met and operated on many others. Pierre Laval the treacherous Frenchman, Ernest Hemingway, Aimée McPherson the revivalist, Ivan Kreuger the match king, whose advice on speculation cost the doctor his savings, Charles Lindbergh.

When he was 49 and had returned to U.S.A., having had to leave most of his possessions in France or with the thieving Nazis, he got a coronary thrombosis, but in spite of the orders of the doctors he is still working. Dr. Bove is a true humanitarian who loves his work and his paintings by Bracque and Picasso. We would have liked to have seen a photograph of this man who has done so much for the world and who has provided his readers with a memorable and variegated feast.

B. S.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PREHISTORIC SOCIETY FOR 1955. New Series, Vol. XXI.

Edited by Prof. J. G. D. Clark assisted by Dr. K. P. Oakley and Prof. S. Piggott. The University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Cambridge. Two Guineas.

This handsome and illustrated volume has been prepared in honour of the sixty-fifth birthday of Professor V. Gordon Childe. The twenty-seven contributions range over the Old Stone, Neolithic, Bronze and Iron Ages, and the contents include a study by Professor Grahame Clark of the microlithic industry of Late Boreal age discovered during excavations in the Cambridgeshire fens during 1932 and 1934; an examination by Mr. Kenneth Oakley of the use of fire as a Palaeolithic tool and weapon; a translated article by Mr. A. Bryusov on Neolithic dwellings in the U.S.S.R.; and a description of prehistoric social groups in North Norway by Professor Gutorm Gjessing. Professor Pittioni discusses theories about pile dwellings and Herr Ernst Sprockhoff considers the patterns of Central European urnfield and Celtic ornamentation.

The other contributions are equally authoritative, and their diversity and distinction are an eloquent tribute to Professor Gordon Childe's wide interests and eminence as a prehistorian.

THE INDIAN HERITAGE. An Anthology of Sanskrit Literature. Selected and Translated by Dr. V. Raghavan. With a Foreword by Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Republic of India. Unesco Collection of Representative Works (Indian Series). The Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore, India. 21s.

BUDDHISM AND DEVOTION. A Psychological Study. By Acharya Bikkhu

Buddharakkhita. Reprint No. 21. The Indian Institute of Culture. Re. 1s.

INDIA 1956. Annual Review. Issued by the Information Department at India House, London.

By request, Dr. V. Raghavan has prepared an anthology of Sanskrit literature for inclusion in Unesco's collection of representative works.

"Sanskrit, with the spiritual culture enshrined in that language, has been the most potent force that has welded the whole of the Indian subcontinent into unity"; and the literature produced throughout its history of four thousand or more years has, for the Western reader, one immediately striking feature—instead of a clear development from primitive forms to mature achievement, its latest stages are but the elaboration of what from its beginning has been the essential expression of Hindu culture. Dr. Raghavan, in his introduction, surveys the history and contents of Sanskrit literature in sufficient detail to indicate its spiritual treasures for the simple villager, the philosopher, the saint, ascetic and poet, the teachings that cover every aspect of secular life, the devotional expositions and epics that still have their public recital, the increasing influence of Hindu thought in the world.

The selections themselves—the passages from the Vedas, from the Bhagavad Gita and the epics, the choice of Yoga Sutras attributed to Patanjali, of prayers, and of ideas characteristic of the different schools of philosophy—could not have been bettered; and Dr. Raghavan's scholarship has given impressive shape to this valuable book.

The differences between Hinayana and Mahayana Buddhism seem often of a subtle philosophic or metaphysical nature, and the very lucid explanation by Acharya Bhikkhu Buddharakkhita, in *Buddhism and Devotion*, of the Hinayana attitude is of considerable interest. He shows that, contrary to the general belief, its study of the Buddha's doctrine is not an austere intellectual exercise, but involves equally the emotions and the reason.

India 1956 is an illustrated annual journal that is concerned with the country's industrial, economic and social problems, and the progress made in solving them. The surveys of industry, trade, finance, and the development of atomic energy, and the articles on cultural matters, foreign affairs, tourism and community projects, are admirable in their range and detail, and make up an excellent reference volume.

HIMALAYA SHUTTLECOCK. By Hans Kopp. Translated from the German by H. C. Stevens. Hutchinson. 18s.

Born in South-West Africa, Herr Kopp, a mechanical engineer, has travelled widely. He was in the Middle East just before the outbreak of the Second World War, and soon afterwards was interned together with Heinrich Harrer and Rolf Magener in the British camp near Dehra Dun. Like them, he has written an exciting book about his efforts to escape, and his adventures.

The first time, he and a companion got away hidden in a dung cart and made their way to the nearest spur of the Himalayas. They struggled towards Nelang, and after two months of appalling hardships ("We could truthfully say of ourselves that we were the first Germans ever to conquer the Himalayas with no more equipment than a couple of rucksacks."), approached Tibet; but

officials made them return under escort. They tried then, disguised in white habits as Swiss missionaries, to travel to Goa. In Delhi, however, they were betrayed to the British and sent back to Dehra Dun. Herr Kopp escaped again in 1944, this time with Harrer, Magener, and a few others. They made as before for Tibet, though not in one party. Eventually three of them reached Tradom, and were allowed to apply for permission to go on to Lhasa; but, impatient at the long wait for an official reply, Herr Kopp determined to journey alone to Nepal, which was then neutral. Fortune failed him again, and from the British Embassy at Katmandu he was taken under heavy guard back to Dehra Dun. Before he could finish preparations for yet another attempt to escape, he was removed with a small group to a punitive camp outside Deoli, and that grim place he left only on repatriation to Germany in 1946.

Despite the starvation, exhaustion and cold, the hostility or indifference of many villages, the constant danger, neither Herr Kopp's passion for freedom and adventure nor his interest in tribespeople and strange customs was ever quenched; and his account of all that he saw and experienced is vivid and enthralling. Yet how nearly he sometimes reached the end of his endurance, this passage makes clear:—

"Again and again we started up in alarm, and listened to see whether help would come from somewhere, or stared at each other with flaming eyes. Now for some days we had no longer been sleeping side by side; the mental gap which was more and more widening between us without our exhausted minds being able to realize the secret cause was reflected in our physical relations. It was as though each of us had entrenched himself behind the wall of his own need and despair; as though, following some obscure primeval instinct, each saw the other as his enemy. Agonizing were the minutes when we did come together to share out the last remnants of our food, and the gaze with which each watched the other's movements as we shared it was fraught with danger. In silence we divided the smallest crumb, and silently we swallowed it down. There was nothing more to be said, for there was hardly anything left to hope for . . . Never during those horrible days did one of us walk in front of the other. We could not stand the thought that the 'enemy' was behind, or give him any really good opportunity by stepping ahead of him. Side by side, silently we staggered on, always on the alert, our hands always on our knives. Our brains, though we did not know it, were growing deranged. Our sense of time was wiped out, madness was closer than we realized, and our hope of salvation was a delusion."

BLACK GOWN AND REDSKINS. By Edna Kenton. Longmans. 25s.

CHALLENGE TO POSEIDON. By Ertoll Bruce. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE CONQUEST OF THE ANTARCTIC. By Norman Kemp. Wingate. 16s.

GREAT EVENTS IN EXPLORATION. By Kenneth Hopkins. Phoenix House. 7s. 6d.

The sub-title of *Black Gown and Redskins* is 'Adventures and Travels of the Early Jesuit Missionaries in North America (1610-1790)'. The material has been selected from 73 volumes of *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, and Miss Kenton has succeeded in the difficult task of compressing into a single volume, of five parts and 500 pages, fifteen hundred years of factual adventure,

from the beginnings of the missions to their suppression and banishment. The work is presented straightforwardly as first-hand, intimate letters and reports to their superiors from the priests who went with the first French colonists to the New World. Here is a story stranger and stronger than fiction, revealing the extremes of suffering, despair overcome by determination, of faith and hope and human endeavour. Westward, far beyond the precarious ranges of the pioneer colonists, the missionaries walked alone through Indian territory, learning tribal tongues and probing the minds and beliefs of the indigenous heathens who never before had been approached by white men. All that the missionaries saw and did and how they existed was recorded simply, sometimes naively, as their accepted way of hard life, from the initial ocean passage to the succeeding hardships, tortures and massacres. In dealing with this valuable account of Indian society, before the coming of European civilisation, Miss Kenton has leaned rather to the secular aide.

In writing about adventures in small craft on the open seas, Erroll Bruce has all the advantages of an enthusiast with the ability to arouse and hold the reader's interest in lone and long voyages. In *Challenge to Poseidon* he brings into his narratives of resource and endurance a wealth of personal experience and his studies into marine history. Orkney fishermen battled their crossings to America, long before the days of Columbus, for necessity: about six centuries afterwards, the author made the reverse passage, in the frail *Samuel Pepys*, for sport. These and a dozen intervening exploits are described graphically—the careful preparations and forecastings, the unforeseen difficulties and dangers, the vagaries of the unreliable elements, and the endings in triumph or disaster. The spirit of these deep-sea venturers was expressed best by Captain Slocum, who had sailed a little boat round the world in three years:

'Whatever the danger may have been, I can truly say that the moment (when his boat was overturned) was the most serene of my life'.

The 'call' of the Sea may be universal, although it may not call to everybody in the same way; however, this thrilling book will appeal to all who like to 'potter about small boats', as well as to those who do not. The author's sea-scape photographs are finely reproduced.

There is something perennially fascinating about the immense and unrevealed wilderness which is the Antarctic. Many books have been written about it, and scientific and popular interests never flag. During two centuries, since the days of pioneers Cook and Palmer and Bransfield, relays of daring explorers have attempted the conquest of that treacherous region; and now, in this International Geophysical Year, four nations are sending separate expeditions, while eleven others will pool their scientific knowledge. Anticipating this concerted assault and research, Norman Kemp, in his *The Conquest of the Antarctic*, recounts the earlier expeditions and gives us a survey of the current preparatory work with a forecast of the prospects of success. This is an authoritative work, containing exclusive interviews with leaders of the New Zealand expedition. There are 27 photographic reproductions.

Great Moments in Exploration is an admirable adventure 'primer' of about 100 pages, written by Kenneth Hopkins "to enthral every child with imagination—and not a few grown-ups as well". With factual accuracy, and a rare economy of words, the author recounts the highlights in the adventures of suchlike epic

explorers as Marco Polo, Henry Hudson, Captain Cook, among others. Two chapters outstanding are 'Journey to the Source of the Nile' and 'Adventures among the Cannibals of the Andes'. Sketches are by Davis Walsh.

ENGLISH PEOPLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Dorothy Marshall. Longmans, Green. 30s.

Here devoid of text-book formality is a lucid and thorough work which provides instructive entertainment for unacademic readers and documented guidance for students of sociology. It might be classed as a 'companion' with Dr. Maxwell's *Ireland Under the Georges*: while each has its author's individuality, both cover the same period and in many ways are complimentary. There is something compelling in this lighter style of presenting vital material; the reader is kept engrossed in the story of a living land, without the distraction of higher political data and reference notes. The author's aim was to provide a background book: she has done more than that, by showing how the background evolved; then she has gone down deep, to the stratum upon which modern England has been built. The full range of the social scale is taken into account; conflicting and co-operative influences are examined and explained, and the craftsmen and heavy toilers are given their proportionate share of importance with the competitive manufacturers and merchants and the gentry.

PANIC TAKES TIME. By T. W. Willans. Max Parrish. 15s.

Apart from its thrilling entertainment value this autobiographical story is a remarkable example of how inborn fear, 'proneness to panic', can be overcome by the determination to accept every danger as a challenge, and to defeat it. Mr. Willans found self-satisfaction in facing more than a reasonable share of hazard and hardship. As a youthful and penniless 'pomme' tyro he rode 'killer' buck-jumpers in Western Australia, before going to "shoot it out" with snipers in the Greek civil war; then he organised and took a pioneer's part in parachute operations in enemy held country. The most thrilling of his exploits was in the testing of hitherto untried safety equipment, experiments repeated so often that the timed, delayed drop became familiar routine. The psychological content of the book is balanced by the author's ability to handle anecdotal material with the careful preparation which he used with the life-saving equipment of his own designing.

THE DEVIL'S WIND. By Major General G. L. Verney. Hutchinson. 18s.

As an objective and enjoyable chronicle of military operations General Verney's latest book is quite in keeping with his *The Desert Rats* and *The Guards Armoured Division*. Here his researches have taken him back, to a hundred years ago, to the story of H.M.S. Shannon's Naval Brigade in Bengal. Instead of 'Indian Mutiny' the author prefers the appellation 'Revolt': whichever it was, it was known natively as 'The Devil's Wind', a blast in which were involved about 5,000 British soldiers, the army of the East India Company (300,000 strong), and contingents from native states. To mark the centenary of the upheaval, the politics and causes have been argued adequately by another writer (James Leasor, in *The Red Fort*). General Verney's story is confined to the extraordinary exploits of "The ruddy chrysanthemums, soldiers and sailors

too " who were sent, a thousand miles away from their natural element, to make good a shortage of land artillery. With the Shannon Brigade, a hastily organised 'scratch team', went Edmund Verney, grand-uncle of the author, whose letters and reminiscences give to the story that touch of personality which, as Archibald Forbes remarked, makes all the difference between the dry formality of officially styled report and entertaining narrative. The book is illustrated generously with reproductions of contemporary engravings and there are operational charts.

FUNNILY ENOUGH. By John D. Sheridan. Talbot Press. 9s. 6d.

"A smile should be selective and inconstant . . . it should be spontaneous, not a beam that is turned on and off at will". So says Mr. Sheridan in 'Smiles of the Great', one of the 45 essays in *Funnily Enough*. Then, paradoxically enough, he consistently inspires constancy by giving his readers little choice between 'on' and 'off'. This, like his earlier collections, is full of smiles. Standing with him on a bridge, "only because a river flows beneath it"; sitting with a watchman at the dawn of day; admiring the fluttering effigies on a clothes-line, or in any of his studies of ordinary people in their commonplace situations we have to keep on smiling. Fortunate is this topical writer who so readily finds his material anywhere and everywhere, and has the bent to use it with consistency of style and respect for the quality of polite writing.

SUSAN'S RIDING SCHOOL. By Veronica Heath. London: Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. net.

"Career Novels," which include subjects such as nursing, music and cookery, have as their latest recruit this amusing riding story.

Two young women devoted to horses, after they have obtained the diploma of the British Horse Society, start a school. After various vicissitudes it becomes a success but it would appear that its end is in sight for both principals will soon adopt a matrimonial career. The Hunts of to-day are crowded with school children during the vacations, and "Susan's Riding School" would be an ideal present, especially for any of them who wish to learn in a simple and concise manner, details of a career which horses can provide.

RIDING TECHNIQUE IN PICTURES. By Lieut.-Colonel C. E. G. Hope and Charles Harris, F.I.H. London: Hulton Press. 25s. net.

20,000 years ago, the Europeans personified their God in the horse and other animals, but it was not until 2000 B.C. that there is any record of the taming of the horse and much later when man appears on its back. The teaching of most subjects by pictures is now the vogue. Scientific books of all kinds are profusely illustrated; surgical operations especially are largely taught through the medium of films and even television, and now we have a series of 440 photographs of riding technique which portray three or four times what might have been written.

We confess we had not heard of the Horselovers Book Shop in Victoria, London, where catalogues of books dealing with the horse can be obtained nor did we know that there are 20,000 titles in the English language alone of books dealing with the horse. Selective biographical notes are given here dating from Xenophon in 365 B.C. up to the present century. It is impossible to give a detailed review about such a truly magnificent work of this kind; it is sufficient

to say that every material point about riding is illustrated from 'giving a leg up' to the most intricate forms of show jumping.

The authors are internationally known authorities, and there are forewords by the Duke of Beaufort, the doyen of foxhunting, and Colonel Llewellyn, the master show jumper.

And what value for 25s.!

A TRIBUTE TO EVIE HONE AND MAINIE JELLETT. Edited by Stella Frost. Browne and Nolan Limited, Dublin, 1957. P. 77. With 12 plates; 3 in colour. 15s.

It is not unusual to make exaggerated claims for artists based on nationalism rather than on the reality of their achievement. It is one aspect of Mainie Jellett's and Evie Hone's distinction that their achievement is most firmly established when considered in relation to the art of their time in Western Europe.

They were both national and cosmopolitan. After intensive training abroad they returned to work in Ireland, with the certainty—unusual, and considering the Ireland they returned to, almost heroic—that their work lay here. Their awareness of the real values of visual art, and—in each case—an integrity and an intellectual capacity rare in women, allowed them to develop consistently the spiritual life of art within them. This evolution was aided in discipline by repeated visits to the continent where the knowledge of what others were doing enabled them to avoid submitting to the ideas and standards around them at home, and degenerating into the provincial.

One can be sure of oneself when writing of them. Their integrity was unalloyed, their ideals high, their realism in life (although both were for a long time abstract painters) positive and without illusions. They were two extraordinary women. This book allows us to re-create them as persons. Thirteen people who knew them as friends, pupils, fellow-artists, and critics join in a symposium which is edited by Miss Stella Frost. Included also are essays by each of the artists.

Tribute is paid to them as persons (both had a great capacity for friendship), as artists, as teachers. Achievement in artistic matters is so often a matter for ignorance in Ireland that it is a pleasure to see it commemorated in a manner both affectionate and just. The intention of the book is not critical, and except for C. P. Curran's valuable essay—the best thing in the book—does not deal with them from this aspect.

Books on our artists are doubly important to modern Irish Art. They give to the young artist a tradition, a sense of belonging, of not working in a vacuum; and they record, when timely, things which would pass from memory and be lost, thus depriving succeeding writers of valuable material. For the symbiosis of artist and writer, of work and apologia, seems to be one of the inevitable phenomena of modern art history. This book, and Mrs. E. McCarvill's forthcoming monograph on Mainie Jellett, initiate a trend which one hopes will continue beyond them.

Through the memories of their friends the two artists come alive again in an illuminating phrase, in an insight through affection, in a locution of emphasis which communicates an aspect of wholeness. Centered in these thirteen circumferential view-points, both, especially Evie Hone, become persons. 'I know now that for her all the arts converged . . . Nationality being part of her temperament, internationalism was part of her discipline' writes Miss Elizabeth Bowen on

Mainie Jellett ; with retrospective insight Mr. Thomas McGreevy discovers that ' Mainie and Evie (were) guided ' ; Miss Sylvia Cooke-Collis quotes Mainie Jellett—' Art, like happiness in life, is not always attained by direct search ; it must also come indirectly from the passionately complete ' ; Mr. John Piper says something very near the root of Evie Hone's distinction—' She was exactly the *normal* kind of artist one had hoped ' ; Miss Norah McGuinness ' . . . one always felt after leaving her (Evie Hone) a tremendous sense of well-being ' ; and in a delightfully evocative recreation of a May afternoon at Marlay, the Hon. Edward Sackville-West speaks of Evie Hone's ' absolute transparency ' and ' trustful friendliness '. It would appear that Mainie Jellett as teacher had rare qualities of patience and understanding, and that Evie Hone's devotional impulse was her well-spring.

In such reminiscences, however, there is always the danger of turning the reality of character into the idea-image of legend. It is praise for this book that one can gather that such a metamorphosis is one which both artists would have hated. They emerge as living, arousing affection, returning it—being in fact, merely human. Mainie Jellett's character is more defined—her masculine intellect discovering variations in relationships with feminine ingenuity is well indicated ; Evie Hone's qualities seem to have invited mystery, and she often emerges as ethereal in comparison to the rhythmic vigour and—in Dr. C. P. Curran's wonderful phrase—' echoing rotation ' of her windows.

When informed and disciplined, affection can become the noblest form of sentiment. All the writers in this book speak with dignity and warmth, and their manner of speaking is, for the most part, as much a tribute to themselves as to the persons they celebrate. Miss Stella Frost in compiling and editing this book has finely performed the offices of friendship. Those of us who care for Irish art are in her debt.

BRIAN O'DOHERTY.

CATHEDRAL AND CRUSADE. Studies of the Medieval Church, 1050-1350. By

Henri Daniel-Rops. Translated by John Warrington. Dent. 42s.

Cathedral and Crusade, complete in itself and admirably translated, is the third volume of M. Daniel-Rops's great work, *Histoire de l'Église du Christ*.

Between the years 1050-1350, " society enjoyed what may be considered the richest, most fruitful, most harmonious epoch in all the history of Europe, an epoch which may be likened to spring after the barbarian winter . . . The cathedrals were rising, and men were setting out to recover the Holy Sepulchre, to free Spain from the Moorish yoke, to preach the gospel in the Baltic lands. Grave questions were debated in the universities ; epic poetry flowered, and there were born legends that will never die. While new political forms were in the crucible, millions left home on pilgrimage, others to explore the world, even to the secret heart of Asia. All that, it must be remembered, was going on simultaneously ; there was an upsurge of activity wherein each event influenced and was influenced by the others, and of which we cannot hope to analyse the complexity ".

M. Daniel-Rops looks on the procession of popes, cardinals and princes ; of saints, scholars, artists and craftsmen with ardent appreciation, and he traces in their countless achievements an inspiration and a design " reminiscent of (the age's) own creation, the cathedral ". His praise discreetly borrows the blues and golds, the violets and purples of the illuminators ; but rich as the detail is, it is

not allowed to blur the form of the book, or obscure the treatment of the major secular events, political, economic and social. The main theme, however, is the Church at the centre of this medieval pattern, the vast extent of its influence, its crusades and missions, and the forces that by the middle of the fourteenth century had mortally wounded Christendom.

Cathedral and Crusade is a profound, fascinating and most scholarly book ; yet ultimately it offers only one possible interpretation of events, one eulogy of the fruit of three remarkable centuries. Faith and sanctity, reforms, schism and heresies, all the intellectual and creative vitality of the time, are judged with the inexhaustible assurance which is the prerogative of writers of M. Daniel-Rops's denomination. The conditioned reflexes of the Roman Catholic philosopher, historian and novelist are, one must suppose, responsible for their otherwise curiously limited and alarmed approach, however disguised, to what is outside the permitted range of their experience.

THE BRAZEN HEAD. By John Cowper Powys. Macdonald. 18s.

In an essay written some years ago, Mr. John Cowper Powys declared that "The whole vast planetary experience of the human race is in our separate, solitary mind" ; and his novels are travels in worlds lightly moored to the neat structures of conventional history and philosophy.

The Brazen Head is set in thirteen-century Wessex where legend, half-pagan, half-Christian, is as familiar as the landscape. Speculative theology and science appear in the persons of Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus and Bonaventura. Friar Roger is portrayed—for so Mr. Powys appreciates him—as the great experimenter and magician, gaily, robustly heretical ; Albertus Magnus wears his learning with an engaging and genial mildness ; and Bonaventura is the arch-hypocrite. The reader shocked to discover the Doctor Seraphicus in this rôle must, of course, remember that the more extreme aspects of his mysticism are temperamentally repugnant to Mr. Powys. There is also Petrus Peregrinus, like a grotesque figure in a mystery play, to move in an obsessed dream among the manor-lords and their ladies, the lovers, the peasants and the soldiers.

Mr. Powys has claimed Aristophanes, Rabelais and Goethe among his masters, and one glimpses them behind this fantastic, learned story ; but it is, none the less, the work of his own unusual mind and extraordinarily gifted imagination. Even more enthralling than the tale, however, is his style—sonorous as a full orchestra beside the piping of many younger novelists.

THE DEVIL WITHIN. By B. Montagu Scott. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

Miss Montagu Scott has obviously assumed that, to create her evil central character, no more was needed than to invent the deeds most calculated to horrify the Roman Catholic reader.

Edward Wryde, the seemingly pure boy who served Mass, was depraved enough to thrust a cigarette into the mouth of a statue in church. So rapid was his downward slide that, to hide his ways from the grim aunt with whom he lived, he accused a young priest of indecent advances. The convenient death of the bishop before Edward could be denounced allowed him to spend some years preparing for the priesthood ; but his lack of vocation was at last discovered by his superiors. He became almost immediately a successful novelist and

broadcaster, and then drove his devout wife to drown herself and their blind baby by pretending that a friendly priest was its father. Retribution was complete: even as further worldly success was within his grasp, he drank weed-killer by mistake and died in agony, calling brokenly, and in vain, for a priest. Whom this melodramatic and absurdly superficial tale will please, it would be hard to say.

CENTENARY HISTORY OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN: 1855-1955. Edited by James Meenan. Tralee: The Kerryman, Limited. 21s.

Non-U.C.D. readers might be tempted to shorten this long title to "Much Ado about Nothing" or "when we were Boys". Even those of us who did strut and fret our hour upon the stage of the Old Physics theatre of 86 Stephen's Green, Newman House, may wonder, after reading wistfully those recollections of the mighty joustings in which we took part, whether the long string of accounts of the caperings of other generations when we were not there, were worth rescuing from oblivion. Yet they were and their historical value will increase with time.

The earlier part of the book consists of a charmingly written and very modest Prefatory Note by Dr. Michael Tierney, President of the College; of a long introduction and chapter by the editor giving the rather dim pre-history of the Society from Newman's time to the end of the eighties, recalling many well-known names. Already the ever-growing nationalism of the Society gave anxious moments to the authorities vainly hoping for that "Charter" for the Catholic University which never came. From 1890 to 1897 the activities of the Society were suspended, undoubtedly owing to Parnellism among the students which the then Jesuit authorities could hardly relish. In 1897 the Society began a new lease of life and we meet such names as Sheehy-Skeffington, Arthur Clery, Tom Kettle, James Augustine Joyce (committee-man '99-1900 and 1900-1901) and many others afterwards very well known. Of this golden period we have a very interesting description from Professor Felix Hackett. The big events were Joyce's two papers "Drama and Life" (January 20th 1900) and "Clarence Mangan" (February 15th, 1902).

The subsequent pages contain a long series of recollections by old auditors and other old members down to 1955. We hear of the great split in the Society in Cruise O'Brien's time, surely the most turbulent member in the history of the Society; of subsidiary activities, the papers "Saint Stephen's and the National Student"; the Young Ireland Branch of the United Irish League and some others." And so, from the Jesuit College to Doctor Coffey's College, the account rolls on of exciting wrangles over "Private Business" with hardly a mention of a paper on a literary or historical subject during the past thirty years. The pages are studded with the names of well-known Irishmen of to-day and yesterday. This Society has been a great training ground for our politicians, lawyers, professors and civil servants. It has played a not-unimportant part in that "resurgence"—both the "moderate" and the "extremist"—"of the Gael", which, as P. S. O'Hegarty wrote here once, is the key-note of Irish history for the past two centuries.

Liam O'Briain

AISTEOIRI FAOI DHÁ SHOLAS. By Micheál Mac Liammóir. Sairséal agus Dill. 10s. 6d.

This diary of the Edwards-Mac Liammóir tour in Egypt and Malta last year makes delightful reading. Not only is the account of the venture itself most interesting, but Micheál Mac Liammóir adds to it from his rich store of gifts—keen perception, humour and imaginative power, with musings and philosophical side-lights. The members of the company become alive for the reader in descriptions and anecdotes full of affection and sometimes humorously critical. Scenes are given a magical charm. Personalities are shrewdly appraised—it is perhaps as well that the book is written in Irish! And what Irish! A vivid easy style, and words drawn from ordinary speech and from literature, with occasionally an apt invention of the author's own, all combining in a most readable whole.

L. D.

THE TILTING TOWN. By Winston Clewes. Collins. London. 13s. 6d.

A book about the theatre always has a certain glamour and this is no exception. Delia Terhune comes to a cathedral town where she has acquired a repertory theatre: her great ambition is to have a Festival which she hopes will rival Malvern. She finds herself up against various divergent interests. The Mayor who is a crooked type with a loathsome son is at loggerheads with the Dean, but she manages to induce both the mayor and the dean to support her scheme: alas the tongue of gossip wags against her, chiefly because she has unknowingly taken lodgings in a street which has been condemned as one of immoral houses. Characterisation of the variegated personalities is well drawn, and in spite of numerous obstacles, as in fairy tales all ends happily for Delia and her theatre.

FURTHER LETTERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Second Edition. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Claude Collier Abbott. Oxford University Press. 50s.

The first edition of *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins* contained all the letters then available which had not been included in the two volumes of his correspondence with Robert Bridges and R. W. Dixon. This second edition gives a number of additional miscellaneous letters, but its chief value is in the many letters to his family, principally to his mother, which were not discovered until after the death of his brother, Lionel, in 1952. Among these, the earlier ones often give added proofs of the charm and gaiety, the eager, forthcoming spirit which endeared him to almost everyone who knew him. This joyousness, a sensuous delight in the colour and variety, the livingness of nature and literature and mankind, runs through all his correspondence with friends and relations up to 1865 or 1866, playing brilliantly around the serious content of acute and thoughtful criticism. It is a shock to turn the page and come suddenly upon the letter of October 16th, 1866, to his father in reply to an entreaty to delay his decision to join the Church of Rome. No one now can know how much or how little it cost him to write that letter with its harsh, self-righteous, doctrinaire argument and its apparent lack of common human affection. It reads cruelly and so his father read it; but, for the son, it may have been the only possible way to express the harsh finality of choice between what he must hold and what abandon. Later, in

1868, writing to Baillie, he said, "You know I once wanted to be a painter. But even if I could I wd. not I think, now, for the fact is that the higher and more attractive parts of the art put a strain upon the passions which I shd. think it unsafe to encounter". So, too, the deep affection within his family was a danger if indulged too freely. "In the free exercise of his gifts," writes the Editor, "there was, he felt, danger to his soul. To surrender them, or by rigid discipline to forge them, and his whole life, into a pattern that should bear witness to the glory of God, was the only way." Out of the struggle and the sacrifice came the peculiar quality, the vitality, intensity and passionate individuality of his poetry.

To the student of Hopkins this volume will be a useful addendum to the first edition; in the absence of the first edition it is an essential guide to knowledge of the man, his religion and his poetic theory and practice. The long correspondence with Coventry Patmore alone would make it a rewarding necessity (did Patmore ever accept criticism so meekly from anyone else, even from Tennyson?), but there is some speaking truth, some revelation of personality, on almost every page.

The editing is soundly and helpfully designed and scrupulously executed.

W. P. M.

THE DOMESTIC DOG. An Introduction to its History. By Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s. net.

When we received this book for review we thought we would be reading about the dogs usually seen about a house. By the time we got to the last chapter, "All the breeds in brief", we seemed to have acquired information about every member of the canine species and so we delved into the Oxford Dictionary and under "Domestic (of animals)" we found "tame, kept by or living with men". There are descriptions of III different breeds, but only a small proportion of them will be found about a house.

Vesey-Fitzgerald has done an enormous amount of research. The historical aspect is dealt with. There have been four main lines of evolutionary development; the line which gave rise to the bears, to the hyena dogs of North America and the two existing lines, one of which is represented by the hunting dogs of Africa and India and the bush dog of South America and the one which embraces the wolves and foxes from which may be considered the trunk of the canine tree. Domestication dates a long way back; the stone age man liked to pet his dog, but the oldest known British dog dates from 1750 B.C. In the olden days the Israelites disliked dogs, but that dislike does not persist to-day. The cat was not known as a domestic animal until the first century A.D. Parsees, in their Zoroastrian religion, loved their dogs and they devote a whole volume of the *Zend-Avesta* to the dog. His characteristics as described there are of a priest, a warrior, a husbandman, a strolling singer, a thief, a wild beast, a courtesan and a child.

Many great artists have portrayed dogs; probably one of the best known paintings is Jan van Eyck's "Arnolfini and his wife" in the National Gallery of England. Hogarth and Stubbs, the painters of horses, were canine portraitists. James Ward was probably the greatest all round British animal painter. The literature about the dog is surprisingly great and in this chapter, as in all the others, profuse references are given. The dog has every virtue and vice of man,

but perhaps his greatest virtue is that he cannot speak, though many come near to speech. In the service of man the dog is useful as a guard, a sheep dog, for police work, in war, leading the blind and as a pet. One may forget how wonderful it is that a naturally carnivorous animal like a dog can be, and is, trained as a sheep dog. In big business they can earn much money and the dog shows all over the world are significant of this fact; the first dog show was in Newcastle in 1859. Some of the usefulness of a few dogs has been diminished by shows when use is sacrificed to looks, e.g. the Irish setter and the cocker spaniel.

We are only able to give a glimpse into this *magnum opus*, which is profusely illustrated and has a satisfactory index. No one who has an interest in the most delightful companion in the world should be without *The Domestic Dog*.

B. S.

THE GREAT FAMINE. Studies in Irish History 1845-52. Editors: R. Dudley Edwards and T. Desmond Williams. Published for the Irish Committee of Historical Sciences by Browne and Nolan. 30s.

The editors of *The Great Famine*, in their foreword, indicate the general attitude of this collection of studies, an attitude objective, balanced, correcting the hasty censure of the modern reader without the discipline of the historian, yet fully aware of the appalling nature of the facts to be presented and their implications. Two lengthy quotations best suggest the comprehensiveness of treatment and the perception brought to these labours.

"The Great Famine may be seen as but a period of greater misery in a prolonged age of suffering, but it has left an enduring mark on the folk memory because of its duration and severity. The famine is seen as the source of many woes, the symbol of the exploitation of a whole nation by its oppressors. If only because of its importance in the shaping of Irish national thought, the famine deserves examination. But it was much more than a mere symbol. The economic and social influences of the famine were considerable; many of the most persistent trends in modern Irish life emerge with the famine, while the years of distress also saw the end of a phase in the agitation for national self-government. In Irish social and political history the famine was very much of a watershed. The Ireland on the other side of those dark days is a difficult world for us to understand, the Ireland that emerged we recognise as one with problems akin to our own."

"The traditional interpretation of the Great Famine is fundamental to an understanding of the character of Irish society in the second half of the nineteenth century and later. But if modern research cannot substantiate the traditional in all its forms, something surely more sobering emerges which is, perhaps, of greater value towards an appreciation of the problems that beset all mankind, both the governors and the governed in every generation. If man, the prisoner of time, acts in conformity with the conventions of society into which he is born, it is difficult to judge him with an irrevocable harshness. So it with the men of the famine era. Human limitations and timidity dominate the story of the Great Famine, but of great and deliberately imposed evil in high positions of responsibility there is little evidence. The really

great evil lay in the totality of that social order which made such a famine possible and which could tolerate, to the extent it did, the sufferings and hardship caused by the failure of the potato crop."

A group of specialists has co-operated in what is here called a contribution towards a definitive history of the Great Famine. The introductory chapters are provided by Dr. R. B. McDowell, who gives a general description of Ireland on the eve of the famine, and Dr. E. R. R. Green, who deals with agriculture. A consideration of the political background by Dr. Kevin B. Nowlan is followed by Mr. Thomas P. O'Neill's survey of the organization and administration of relief in the years 1845-52, by Sir William P. McArthur's contribution of a medical history of the famine, and Dr. Oliver MacDonagh's detailed account of the emigration to America and the British Colonies. In the concluding chapter Dr. Roger J. McHugh examines the famine in oral tradition.

The editors wish that specialized research on other aspects of the subject were available, and refer to fundamental questions that still await attention; but they and their contributors have done invaluable work and, whatever remains to be done, their book is a study of major importance.

SOPHOCLES: OEDIPUS AT COLONUS. An English Version by Robert Fitzgerald. Faber and Faber. 15s.

The problems of translation involved in contemporary prose works are enough to unnerve its practitioners, but every new translation of a classic has turned on it a formidable and even hostile attention. The arguments of the scholars who remind us of the awful distance that lies between those ignorant of Greek and those familiar with the splendours of Homer and Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides are impressive to readers who are even modestly acquainted with the poetry of any second language, or who have contemplated the efforts, for example, of Plato's most eminent translators to find English equivalents for some of his terms. Yet, as no one has time or talent to learn every language—or every craft—there is something agreeably civilized about those who offer to share what they can of their esoteric pleasures.

Mr. Fitzgerald's version of Sophocles's tragedy is, on the whole, an able example of present-day versification. The understatement and the least pregnant word are not, it must be admitted, the usual or nearest approach to the play, yet, if one puts prejudices aside, the embers of Oedipus's agony here burn up fiercely, briefly, before Creon and Polyneices, and the final serene flame leaves no ash of majesty. In addition, this is intended as an acting version and, as such, it has a merit lacking in other and more eloquent renderings: it remembers what the actor's breath can carry, and unobtrusively acknowledges the producer's part.

THE BYZANTINE WORLD. By J. M. Hussey. Hutchinson's University Library. 10s. 6d.

THE MORAL BASIS OF BURKE'S POLITICAL THOUGHT. By Charles Parkin. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

Historians, Professor Hussey notes approvingly in the preface to his book, "are beginning to free themselves from the spell of Gibbon" who dismissed so

easily the importance of the Byzantine Empire ; and the present study is a balanced examination of the history and influence, direct and indirect, of the Eastern Roman Empire. From the fourth century, when the state in its formative stage was culturally close to the Hellenistic world and its government that of an absolute but Christian monarchy, to the fifteenth century, when it finally fell to the Ottoman Turks, there were constant external threats to its existence and many dynastic struggles ; yet its intellectual, artistic and literary achievements, and the protection and development of the Christian tradition by the Orthodox Church not only give to Byzantium a singular richness but made possible the 'cross-fertilization' that Professor Hussey traces in the chapters on contacts with other civilizations. *The Byzantine World* is a masterly survey of what has lately been discovered of the Empire's great contribution to the world of its time.

Mr. Charles Parkin's book is also concerned to remove misconceptions recent in origin or, rather, a wrong emphasis. It has not been so much argued that expediency marked Burke's approach to political problems as implied that the Christian moralistic basis of his thought requires no particular attention ; but Mr. Parkin insists that the moral question must be given priority.

"If, in Burke's opinion, 'the principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged', the most important question to ask about Burke must be what precisely, for him, the principles of morality were.

"Failure to meet this problem squarely hinders an adequate grasp of the basis of Burke's political theory, because it leaves the full depth of his conception unplumbed. It makes inevitable the resort to a formula such as that of Utility, which lops off all that is most characteristic and profound in Burke's ideas in order to fit them to a superficial general concept."

The present essay, therefore, examines in turn Burke's ideas of the Social Contract theory and the relations of society and government, his criticism of abstract natural rights and abstract idealism, the religious foundation of his conception of the moral order ; and is a deeply perceptive interpretation of these aspects of his thought. His philosophy is so relevant to the problems of to-day that every student will be grateful for Mr. Parkin's valuable and stimulating commentary on it.

NINTH MUSIC BOOK. Containing "John Gay and the Ballad Opera" by Geoffrey Handley-Taylor and Frank Granville Barker. With a Prologue by Sir A. P. Herbert and an Appreciation by John Drinkwater. Compiled and Edited by Max Hinrichsen. Hinrichsen Edition Limited, London. 12s. 6d.

Volume IX of the Musical Year Book is devoted to John Gay and *The Beggar's Opera*. The valuable study by Mr. G. Handley-Taylor and Mr. F. Granville Barker includes a survey of the opera's performances, an examination of the sources of its airs, and a selected bibliography. The illustrations are from Hogarth, from playing-cards, figurines, plaques, play-bills, and other sources, many little-known. Sir Arthur Bliss's arrangement of the air *Thro' all the Employments of Life* from the 1954 film version is reproduced, as is Dr. Pepusch's overture. There is much else of interest in the *Ninth Music Book*, and lovers of Gay's work will greatly appreciate this scholarly, entertaining and comprehensive tribute.

TALE OF OLD RAASAY. By Agnes A. MacDiarmid. Illustrated by Margery F. Pomphrey. William Maclellan, Glasgow. 6s.

The reading of some old Weather Tables found in the library of Raasay House prompted Miss MacDiarmid to invent her little love-story and describe the people of Raasay at the time of the Clearances. Unfortunately, an intense admiration of the setting, and interest in West Highland life have not been sufficient; and the story has little merit—unless one finds pleasure in a persistent lilt and the 'Ah me' type of narrative. Neat little descriptive essays would seem better to suit the author's talents.

PERIODICALS.

ÉTUDES ANGLAISES. Octobre-Décembre. Didier, Paris. 400 fr.

The present number of *Études Anglaises* includes an admirable and penetrating study of Mr. T. S. Eliot's verse plays by M. Jacques Voisine, and an appreciative essay on *Scrutiny* by M. Daniel Nury. There are also articles on Thomas More, Gordon Bottomley, James Joyce, and others, and several excellent reviews.

UNIVERSITAS. A German Review of the Arts and Sciences. Vol. I, No. I. 7s. 10d.

Universitas, the German university periodical, is now appearing in a quarterly English edition. This first English number contains a survey by Professor Otto Hahn of the development of radiochemistry and the fission of uranium, and one by Professor Ernst Derra of developments in cardiac surgery. Professor August Vetter writes on psychological work in industry, and Professor Walther Brouwer discusses modern methods of plant-breeding. There are, in addition, biological studies, essays of general interest, and reports on such subjects as the dangers to man of insecticides, radioactivity, and on a new critical edition of Hegel. This journal, with its scholarly devotion to the Arts and Sciences, is of considerable interest.

BOOKS ABROAD. An International Literary Quarterly. Autumn, 1956. University of Oklahoma Press. One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents.

This issue is devoted to detailed surveys of Armenian and Eskimo writing, and to the position of the artist in South-east Asia. There are also valuable reviews of recent foreign literature, and the usual interesting features.

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